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THE NATION

AUGUST 26, 1968 *35 cents*

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LETTERS

rights for radicals

Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIRS: This year dozens of university and college faculty have found themselves fired or with unrenewed contracts as a result of their radical scholarship and/or advocacy of radical positions. . . . Rights assured by the First Amendment seem not to hold for scholars. Often they are told they may speak of radicalism, but are fired when they act. There is a scandal . . . which is overtaking the higher education in America.

In the effort to analyze, expose and oppose this trend, the New University Conference invites victims of political discrimination or those who know of such cases to send us particulars. . . . We need to know what form of radicalism is most likely to evoke suppression . . . and what kinds of institutions are most repressive. . . . We are interested in discrimination against faculty in such ways as failure to hire or renew, failure to promote (or to give raises), or outright dismissal; we also seek information concerning discrimination in the granting of fellowships and assistantships to graduate students. We want to know what scholarly and/or political activities of the aggrieved individual are believed to have prompted administrative action, and the reason offered by the institution for its conduct. (Please specify if confidentiality is desired, and if so to what extent.)

The example of the mass student movements has inspired many groups . . . to organize themselves to work for radical transformation of the institutions within which they work, and of the society. . . . University and college teachers and graduate students have formed such an organization—the New University Conference. It is a national membership organization of radical scholars, students and intellectuals: we invite your inquiries and membership (5810 S. Woodlawn, Chicago, Ill. 60637). *Robert Ross*
Jesse Lemisch

trail of the Panthers

San Jose, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: Michael Harris' story on the Black Panthers ["Black Panthers: The Cornered Cats," *The Nation*, July 8] characterizes them more as a bunch of thugs with bad marksmanship than as a group of citizens protecting rights of the Second and Third Amendments to the Constitution of the United States. No wonder: he omits a number of relevant facts.

For example, when he describes Bobby Seale as a near fugitive almost always on the move, as though he were guilty of a crime, and says that police "walked into his apartment" on January 25, Mr. Harris does not mention that the police had no warrant, that they did not walk in but crashed in, that they ordered Mr. Seale and his wife about with weapons leveled point-blank at their chests, and that they searched the premises with the delicacy for which police have come to be known when dealing with black people.

Mr. Harris' article might have been written too long ago, for he fails to point out that Eldridge Cleaver had his freedom curtailed by the California Adult authority for engaging in political activities, not for violating his parole as the Authority alleged, which Solano County Judge Raymond J. Sherwin stated on June 11 when releasing Mr. Cleaver from jail.

As to the trial of Huey P. Newton, it would seem pertinent to mention that several times previously Newton had been arrested by the Oakland police on trumped-up charges. Why does Harris not reveal that the grand jury indicted

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EDITORIALS

Behind Nixon's Grin

The media agree that Miami was Nixon's finest hour, but an hour is all it was. As soon as he had reached the peak, he skidded down the other side and demonstrated that the old Nixon remains unchanged. Almost up to the moment of victory, his manner was relaxed and ingratiating and his political performance superb. Memories of the loss of control after Nixon's defeat by Pat Brown in 1962 were almost forgotten. But the stress under which this tireless climber labors shows up in a crisis, and he lost most of what he had gained. Again the image he wants the public to accept was revealed as nothing more than a mask, hiding the man he does not want the public to see.

The tape of Nixon's talk with the Southern delegation —which was made without his knowledge or permission, and no doubt to his mortification and that of his staff—is a most revealing political document. Thinking himself alone with cronies, he created a credibility gap even before winning the nomination, since what he said to the Southerners was not what he had been saying publicly. He clearly gave Strom Thurmond the power to reject any Vice Presidential candidate not to his liking.

Nixon could not have won on the first ballot without the support of the South; he could not risk a second ballot, and for that support he was willing to pay almost any price. He had said that the first requisite of the Vice Presidential candidate was fitness to exercise the powers of the Presidency, should the occasion arise. He then chose Agnew, a nonentity. It was a classic instance of the "politics of accommodation." Agnew would displease the North, but not to the point of rebellion; he would placate the South and make its delegates feel that further appeasement might be in store.

The image that Nixon had been trying to project was that of a mature, confident conservative who, over the years, had become mildly liberal and tolerant. Mary McGrory quotes a "young moderate" who said hopefully during the balloting: "I don't think his administration will be so bad. He's bound to be liberal—the country is." Some say the country is in a conservative mood; others think that, because the times demand tolerance and social justice, it must be swinging liberal. Who is thinking wishfully we shall find out in November.

But of the falsity of Nixon's liberalism we already have proof. He gave short shrift to Rockefeller, Romney, Percy, Hatfield, Lindsay, Evans, Chafee, et al. He doesn't trust them, and when it comes to campaigning he reverts to the style with which he began his political career more than thirty years ago. He thinks he can win by stressing crime in the streets, with injections of redbaiting and a soap-opera sentimentality to tickle the lowest common denominator among the voters.

Often an outsider can see through a political phony more clearly than can his fellow countrymen (although it must be said that few American commentators have worshiped at the Nixon shrine). In the August 11 London *Observer*, Anthony Howard discusses Nixon, without

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malice but with devastating effect. Nixon is the local boy who made good and who, as far as one can judge by his utterances, never had a poetic or decently cultivated thought. Whatever his faults, John F. Kennedy at least did not lack style and grace, and his English was that of a man who respected the language. Nixon, though he is not obscure except when he wants to be, somehow makes everything sound banal. While Howard does not remark on that particular characteristic, he says that the candidate's tastes are mundane and predictable: his church, Dr. Norman Vincent Peale's "Temple of Positive Thinking"; his favorite delicacy, cheese covered with ketchup; his only interest outside of politics, his family. And all the grinning photographs of the gregarious, democratic American are a fraud—a fraud that becomes palpable whenever his fears are aroused, which is every time his political ambitions are in jeopardy. His choice of Agnew as a running mate reveals him, Howard finds, as the selfsame secretive, scheming politician he has always been.

Daley Asks for Trouble

It is quite true, as the politicians say, that only one man makes decisions in Chicago; it is unnecessary to add that Mayor Richard J. Daley is the man. But sometimes the toughest guys make the biggest mistakes, and it looks as if His Honor is headed for one.

He began preparing for it in the spring, as described by Joseph L. Sander in "Battle of Chicago: A Study in Law and Order" (*The Nation*, May 20). To summarize the account: Lengthy arrangements had been made by the Chicago Peace Council for its annual parade-demonstration, which ended with beatings, people being struck by vehicles, assaults on the press, and sixty-three arrests. "It was the feeling of at least one member of the parade committee," Mr. Sander concluded, "that the city government is trying to get across the message that it will not tolerate peaceful demonstrations by local citizens and that any who try to make their grievances known to the public will be made to wish they hadn't." Furthermore, that the citizens of Chicago have entered "a new period of a general suspension of constitutional guarantees."

This view of the events has now been irrefutably confirmed by a report on "Dissent and Disorder," issued under date of August 1 by the Roger Baldwin Foundation of ACLU and prepared by an independent citizens committee, for which Elmer Gertz, well known to *Nation* readers, and David Kahn acted as counsel. The chairman of the investigating body was Dr. Edward J. Sparling, president emeritus of Roosevelt University; all the other members were prominent religious, industrial and academic leaders. There are photographs, a full account of what occurred, and an appendix of evidence and testimony in federal court. One conclusion is that "Mayor Daley's 'shoot to kill' order of April 15, regardless of its technical legality, could not help but encourage an 'anything goes' attitude on the part of the police force." It was just another case of one man making the decisions in Chicago.

Of course, when only citizens of Chicago—and peace-demonstrating ones at that—are concerned, Mayor Daley has little to worry about. Though civil libertarians and the

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NATION *Volume 207*

No. 5

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like may execrate him, they never had much use for him nor he for them. But if, as now appears, he should be planning to impose his version of law and order on Chicago during the Democratic convention, he will find himself in hot water, and the Democratic Party with him. The eyes of the nation will then be on Chicago, and if the Mayor tries to operate during the week of August 26 as he operated on April 27, he is likely to trigger a reaction he may come to regret.

The choice of Chicago as the convention city—apparently an arrangement between President Johnson and Mayor Daley—was unfortunate to begin with. An opportunity was afforded by the telephone strike to switch the convention to Miami Beach, where all the communications facilities were already in place and ample hotel space was available; but Daley insisted that the Democrats stay in his beloved bailiwick. His powers as Mayor are subordinate to his powers as Chairman of the Democratic Central Committee of Cook County; it is the latter that makes him one of the old-line big-city bosses.

Racial disorder has been endemic in Chicago, complicated by the spasms of the ethnic groups, each of which is equally loyal to the customs of the old country and to white supremacy. It is probable that there will be both Negro and peace-group protests at the convention site. It has been surrounded by a barbed-wire fence, and measures for strict security have been instituted. Apparently live TV coverage will be confined to the interior of the auditorium. If disorder occurs outside, video tape will have to record it. The media should make every effort to show whatever happens, when and as it happens. Daley is not above the law; if he thinks he is, that is his second big mistake.

Pomp or Carnage

Nairobi, Kenya

Little can be done to save the lives of those bloat-bellied children of Biafra until the civil war in Nigeria is over. That is the heart of the matter; all else is peripheral. The pitiable pictures in the London press, the stricken conscience of the British people, the rush of volunteers to feed and nurse Biafran babies, the American powdered milk piling high on the docks of Lagos, the mad scrambling of relief workers to crack Nigerian inefficiency and push the supplies somewhere, somehow—all mean little as long as the war goes on.

Some idealists believe that the world's indignation, outcry and shamed anger over the thousands dying in Biafra will force the two sides to end their war, in the name of decency and humanity, but that is doubtful. "No group can stop a war because people are dying," said Alison Ayida, an influential Nigerian civil servant, in a meeting with foreign newsmen in Lagos recently. "It's never been done in a war before, and it won't be done in Nigeria—unless you stop the cause of the war. That's what war is all about." The federal government feels that it is about to crush the rebellion in Biafra, and it is in no mood to be cheated of this victory by pictures of starving children.

There is some hope that the war will come to an end through a negotiated settlement at the peace conference that opened in Addis Ababa August 5. But the hope rests mainly on a belief that the Biafrans have faced the hopelessness of their position and are ready to surrender. The federal government seems prepared to do little more at Addis Ababa than accept that surrender. It offers no concessions of its own, except for a few devices to help the Biafrans save face, and a few humanitarian gestures toward a defeated people.

If the Biafrans refuse to surrender, the federal armies are ready to march into what is left of Biafra and crush the heartland of the Ibo people, the main tribe of the secessionist state. Nigerian officials maintain they have been restraining their forces because of the world demand for a last try for peace. In the Nigerian view, Addis Ababa is the last chance; if it fails, slaughter begins.

Some Nigerians even insist that an invasion would be more merciful than all this talk and delay. They say that fewer people would die in a federal onslaught on the last three towns of Biafra than would die of starvation during weeks of negotiations. (The federals want to kill thousands of Biafrans in order to save thousands—a neat, simple and horrifying formula.)

There is a possibility that the invasion may come before the peace conference reaches any conclusions. The Nigerian field commanders, who are chafing under their restraints and disdainful of humanitarian do-gooders, are a powerful lot who sometimes act independently of their commander in chief, Major General Yakubu Gowon, the federal military ruler. These commanders, impatient with federal deliveries, have at times gone off to London and bought arms on their own. It is conceivable that they will go ahead and slaughter Ibos on their own.

In short, the Biafran rebellion is nearing its end, which will come either in the pomp of the Addis Ababa conference or the carnage of a federal onslaught.

In the name of a mythical Nigerian nation, the federal armies, equipped by the British, marched off more than a year ago to subdue a tribe that had suffered so greatly within this so-called state that it wanted to leave. Nigerians and the British (and, as a matter of fact the American embassy officers) saw this as a police action which would straighten matters out in a few weeks. Instead, it has taken all these months and cost thousands—some say 100,000—dead of bombs, bullets and starvation. All for a fervid nationalism based on some lines that British imperialism drew arbitrarily on a map less than a century ago.

STANLEY MEISLER

Dogma Number Two

Prior to March 31, 1968, there was almost universal acquiescence in the near-axiom that "you can't deny an incumbent President renomination." *The Nation* did not accept this assumption, partly because renominations *had* been denied, though not in recent times, and more relevantly because circumstances alter cases and it seemed to us that current circumstances had completely undercut the hoary assumption.

Now the land is plagued by a second dogma, stating that it is utterly unrealistic to expect a party to repudiate a major policy of an incumbent who belongs to that

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party. The argument is that the party must, willy-nilly, nominate candidates who will back up and justify the record of its preceding administration. It may prove to be so in Chicago, but we see no better inherent reason for accepting this dogma than for bowing to the preceding one (of which it is in fact a variant).

Specific evidence against the never-admit-a-mistake doctrine is the strong showing made in the primaries by the combined vote of Eugene McCarthy and the late Robert Kennedy, not to mention the 53 per cent margin by which Senator Fulbright won renomination in the state of Arkansas, despite the feeling that he has been too much preoccupied with issues of foreign policy and pays only lip service to segregation. Then there is the steady accretion of support that McCarthy continues to pick up: Patrick Lucey of Wisconsin, a strong Kennedy supporter; Senator Yarborough in Texas; in Ohio, Senator Young and Edward Lamb, and the pro-McCarthy trend in the California delegation. As a straw in the wind, at a recent very large lunch of the American Management Association, when the industrialist Martin Stone was unexpectedly introduced as co-chairman of the McCarthy campaign in California, the audience in the ballroom of the New York Hilton burst into loud, sustained applause.

The unexpected can always happen. If, for instance, an understanding were reached in Paris and a cease-fire followed in Vietnam, the situation would be radically changed. But short of such a phenomenon, Dogma Number Two is fallacious, because patently the Democratic Party cannot be unified on the premise of a rousing endorsement of the record of the Johnson-Humphrey Administration; the Democrats cannot hope to outdo the GOP in tomfoolery. Perhaps it cannot be unified completely through the nomination of a critic of Vietnam policy, but the prospects of unity are much better in that direction, and it would give the American people a choice. Above all, it would inject an element of morality into our politics. Dogma Number Two deserves no more respect per se than Dogma Number One —and, these being special times, it is reasonable to be hopeful.

Difference Between Generals

In *West* (July 28), the Sunday magazine of the *Los Angeles Times,* James Real has an enlightening and lively article on Generals Curtis LeMay and David Shoup, both of whom he interviewed to elicit their present views on Vietnam and on U.S. diplomatic and military policy in its broader aspects. LeMay, it will be remembered, attracted world-wide attention with his recipe for victory in Vietnam: "Bomb them back to the Stone Age." Talking to Real, he "guessed" he wouldn't put it "quite" that way again, but any change seems to be in the phrasing, not thinking. He now says: "We must be willing to continue our bombing until we have destroyed every work of man in North Vietnam, if this is what it takes to win the war."

There are two kind things that can be said about LeMay. For one, *The Christian Century* praised his "utterly frank, no-nonsense language," with the qualification that what he proposes "would make a Hitler envious and a Genghis Khan blush." The other comes from the late Walter Millis who, reading LeMay's memoirs, found a "repellent fascination" in the brutalizing process which brought LeMay to the top of the Strategic Air Command. LeMay's justification for the massacre of civilian populations, he remarked, may be brutal logic but it *is* logical. LeMay does not shrink from the utmost in brutality if that is what it takes to win a war—any American war.

One gets the impression from Real's story that if it weren't for his four stars LeMay would be generally regarded as a conspicuous political nut. His continued fury against Robert McNamara borders on pathology, and his denunciation of the movies oversteps it. "I happen to be one of those people," he says, "who think that the movie industry is pretty well infiltrated by Communists." He bases this on *The Blue Max* and *The Night of the Generals,* in both of which *German* officers are portrayed in an unflattering light. (Only partly; they are heroic, but they sleep around.) This, LeMay says, "fits right into the Communist master plan of taking over a country . . . . It cuts down the public's confidence in their military and police forces. The rest of it's easy . . . . They had a big flap once about Communists in the studios. Seems like a lot of them are still there."

General Shoup, retired commandant of the Marine Corps, and General LeMay are old colleagues. They got along well when they served together on the Joint Chiefs, but the two could hardly be further apart in their present views. Shoup is a man of broad culture as well as extensive military experience. He served for many years in China and speaks with affection of "the great and wonderful Chinese people." He feels that the moment negotiations between the North Vietnamese and the United States began we should have stopped all offensive operations. He would have taken this step unilaterally, and he is confident that Ho Chi Minh would have reciprocated —if it had not been made a condition.

Shoup is against not only our operation in Vietnam but all ventures of the kind. "People keep honking about four Presidents having made commitments," he says. "We never made commitments, legal or otherwise, to furnish *combat-type* forces to anyone . . . . We've given the same 'word' to forty-three nations. At some point you have to say 'no.' . . . . Why can't we let people *actually* determine their own destiny?" (Italics in original.)

Reason Dethroned

At the time of the carnival-trial of Bruno Richard Hauptmann for the murder of the Lindbergh baby, a Canadian newspaper exclaimed: "What a press! What a police! What a country!" Similar jibes were in order when Lee Harvey Oswald was shot under the noses of the Dallas police, overeager to oblige the press and TV photographers, and at the subsequent farcical trial of Jack Ruby. After the assassination of Robert Kennedy, Art Buchwald wrote: "The United States must look like a gigantic insane asylum where the inmates have taken over." The exaggeration is pardonable.

Now we witness another kind of spectacle, quite as

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bizarre but deviating from reason in a different fashion. At the Millington Naval Air Station near Memphis, an Air Force C-135 touched down at 3:08 A.M. on July 19 and a "strange tanklike vehicle" was driven alongside. Amid a throng of armed policemen a man—his wrists manacled, his legs in irons, and a bulletproof vest over his shirt—was hustled into the armored car, which tore off toward the Criminal Court building. There the courtyard was filled with heavily armed police and sheriff's deputies, and sharpshooters were stationed at vantage points nearby, as if in preparation for an invasion by a foreign power. Thus was James Earl Ray, accused of the murder of Martin Luther King, transferred to the custody of the Memphis authorities.

A few days earlier, in Los Angeles, Sirhan Bishara Sirhan, charged with shooting Robert Kennedy but presumed innocent until proved guilty, made his fourth courtroom appearance, but not in an ordinary courtroom. At first, while he was still incarcerated in the county jail, he was arraigned in a chapel turned into a courtroom, close to his quarters. Subsequently he was moved to the Hall of Justice, where he pleaded not guilty in another improvised courtroom, with panels of armor plate installed across the windows. When he is eventually tried, it will be in a regular courtroom on the eighth floor, with his route sealed off in a kind of tunnel, all windows armor-plated, and Sirhan, the judge, jury and attorneys protected by a shield of steel and bulletproof glass. The reporters outside the shield will be unable to shoot one another, since all will be searched for weapons before being allowed to enter.

While it is certainly proper for the Memphis and Los Angeles authorities to have learned the lesson of Dallas, some of these precautions seem designed more for drama than for security. Moreover, such spectaculars tend to support the question raised by Jerry Landauer in *The Wall Street Journal*: is there not substance in the belief of some authorities that the news media are glamorizing assassination? For an obscure person there are two quick routes to fame: martyrdom or assassination. Landauer quotes Nicholas N. Kittrie, professor of criminal law at American University: "Men like Oswald and Sirhan primarily seek some identity, some achievement. The media are their reward and what the criminal law does to them afterwards is quite secondary."

If such personalities cannot climb to transitory fame over the bodies of prominent men, ordinary people will do, but in that case quantity is necessary: eight nurses strangled in a Chicago dormitory, fourteen people shot dead by a sniper at a Texas university, five women murdered in an Arizona beauty parlor, etc.

The newspapers, and radio-TV, are obliged to give the news, but are 125 reporters really necessary for a nine-minute court appearance by Sirhan? And are the security precautions so out of relation to any reasonable assessment of the risks as to create the possibility of a successful motion for change of venue on the ground of general community bias?

Ideally, the media and the law enforcement agencies should exercise the rule of reason, for which there is no substitute in the sane conduct of human affairs. Pressed far enough, a perfectly sane principle, such as the right of the people to be informed can be turned into an absurdity, or worse. If a decent self-restraint is too much to ask, the media managers might, as a matter of prudence, curb their impulse to go overboard on the lives of assassins, lest the current reaction against violence in TV entertainment should extend to reportage as well.

Damyankees

A lady we know in Atlanta (to borrow a convenient journalistic device from *The New Yorker*) came home from a year in England in August, 1965, to find her country at war and the papers reporting daily on the villainies of "the enemy." To find out why we had gone to war, and with whom, she appealed to her Congressman, who replied that he was sure she didn't want his "opinions" and that he had forwarded her letter to the State Department for the true word.

Soon thereafter, she received a parcel of booklets and stapled documents, the most impressive of which was a pamphlet, printed on heavy stock and bound in a dark blue cover on which the title was emblazoned in gold: "Aggression from the North."

Being an Atlantan, our friend began on the instant to feel her blood roil. As she says, "Southerners respond to that phrase like Pavlov's dogs to the bell. *Any* aggression from *any* north must be resisted" by any loyal liegeman of Jefferson Davis. To resist unsuccessfully—but "with honor"—does still greater service to his wraith.

The President and the Secretary of State, she observes, are both Southerners. The war in Vietnam is no topic for laughter, but the Atlanta lady insists that there is very little jest in her speculation as to how the war would have looked to these gentlemen if the geography had been reversed, if Ho Chi Minh had been the master of Saigon and had launched his forces against General Ky, away up north of the Mason-Dixon Line, in Hanoi. Can it be that Johnson and Rusk have been whistling *Dixie* all this time?

First-Hand Knowledge

State Sen. John G. Schmitz of California is a conservative who believes that government has gone past the point of no return down the road of the welfare state. So strong are his feelings that Gov. Ronald Reagan has become too liberal for him to tolerate.

Schmitz recently had another of his many skirmishes with the welfare state; he lost again—this time to himself. It seems he was listed in the Senate Journal as absent on "legislative business," which enabled him to collect a $25-a-day living allowance. The Senator was indeed absent, but the "legislative business" consisted of driving his family, in a state-leased car, to Virginia, where he went for a two-week tour of duty with the Marine Corps. During his absence, he collected his per diem allowance from the state, plus his Marine pay and travel allowances, plus his regular $16,000 annual salary as Senator.

When Schmitz talks about the welfare state, he speaks with authority; there is no substitute for personal experience.

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CREDENTIALS SHOWDOWN

WHO SPEAKS FOR MISSISSIPPI?

CURTIS WILKIE
Mr. Wilkie is city editor of the Clarksdale (Miss.) Press Register. *He won this year an American Political Science Association award for reporting of public affairs.*

Clarksdale, Miss.

Four years ago the ragtag Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party put on a show that upset an otherwise harmonious convention at Atlantic City. Now a revival of that drama is about to open. Two Mississippi delegations are again prepared to appear at the National Democratic Convention, and the prospect of another fight over seating faces the convention's credentials committee.

The "regular" delegation, controlled by segregationist Gov. John Bell Williams and including a clot of Wallace sympathizers, is being challenged this time by a group calling themselves the "Loyal Democrats of Mississippi" and representing a coalition of blacks and whites who promise unqualified support of the national party and its nominee. However, their position is based on more than loyalty. With respect to the rival delegation, they charge "gross violations" of party standards involving the selection of grass-roots delegates in at least thirty of the state's eighty-two counties. They cite the "Hughes document," adopted as Democratic policy this year, which requires that state delegations be chosen without regard to race, and be pledged to support the party's nominee.

Race was certainly a factor in the selection of the state's "regular" delegation. Although three Negroes were named to the forty-four-man delegation—a precedent for Mississippi—their participation is in doubt. Charles Evers has already resigned and is siding with the challengers. Even if the other two remain, it is hardly proportionate black representation from a state 43 per cent Negro.

The Loyal Democrats charge that Negroes were systematically shut out of the first step toward choosing delegates when precinct conventions were held in June. For example, in the Coahoma County precinct of Mattson, it is alleged that thirty-eight Negroes showed up at the proper time and elected their delegate. During the proceedings, "some seven or eight white voters came into the building . . . and held a separate meeting and did not join the precinct meeting which was already in progress when they appeared." The white group was recognized.

Their plans thwarted to vote themselves into the delegation legitimately, the Loyal Democrats made plans to send a delegation of their own and are now in the process of holding local conventions for that purpose. The group that will go to Chicago will be led by Aaron Henry, president of the Mississippi NAACP and director of the Freedom Democrats' attempted coup in 1964. There are other veterans of that fight in the ranks this year, but there are also new faces—white faces. Hodding Carter III, head of the biracial Young Democrats and son of the Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist, is serving as co-chairman with Henry. There are, somewhat surprisingly, white labor leaders; and much more surprisingly there are white lawyers and planters—men from backgrounds traditionally bent on preserving the system in Mississippi.

The Loyal Democrats will be divided about equally between blacks and whites and their delegation will not be bound by the unit rule as is the "regular" delegation. The challengers are working carefully to include members for Senator McCarthy as well as for the Vice President. Indeed, they have enlisted the aid of a three-man national legal advisory committee of Joe Rauh, a McCarthy partisan and supporter of the 1964 MFDP challenge; Mayer Feldmann, a Humphrey man, and Ted Sorenson (many loyalists were Kennedy backers). "Who we're for must not be a part of the seating question," says Henry.

There is some dissension among the various factions of the Loyal Democrats, which include the remnants of the original MFDP (the nearest thing to the New Left in the state), the more moderate NAACP which claims Henry, the Young Democrats, the AFL-CIO and Negro Masonic and teachers associations. They hope, however, to present a solid front at Chicago, where their chances of ousting the state's power structure appear better than in 1964. The "regulars" have been on a *kamikaze* course for some time. In the past two national conventions they, successively, nominated Ross Barnett for President and peevishly quit town before business got started.

If such behavior did not outrage the national party, the antics of Governor Williams should. After being drummed out of his seniority position as a twenty-year Congressman for supporting Barry Goldwater in 1964, he went home and ran for governor on a platform of martyrdom, all the time sneering at the national Democrats, freedom riders, oddballs, et al. At this summer's state convention, the long-time chairman of the party, crusty old Bidwell Adam, had the audacity to say that he thought the Mississippians ought to be at least willing "to meet people halfway." He was deposed, and his place was taken by former Goldwater and Williams backer Leon Bramlett.

The governor did not welcome Humphrey when the Vice President visited the state recently, and he promoted his apparent death wish for the "regular" delegation by such pronouncements at the state party convention as:

> We, the people of Mississippi, have shown already that Mississippi and her sister Southern states will no longer be taken for granted like a woman of easy virtue, suffering all the indignities and insults that could be heaped upon us and still return uncomplainingly to the boudoir of our masters. We want to remain in the house of the party of our fathers, but on one condition, and one condition only: That we be treated as full-fledged members of the family and not as unwanted political stepchildren.

TV viewers of the battle of Chicago may well be spared such oratory, since Williams will probably not deign to appear. But he has made sure that the bulk of his delegation shares his views, and he knows that rebukes in far-away places can build political capital at home.

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BACKLASH OF TECHNOLOGY

WHERE POWER BELONGS

ANTHONY WEDGWOOD BENN
Anthony Wedgwood Benn, M.P., is Minister of Technology in Britain's Labour government.

Just as technology is revolutionizing industry, so it is outdating our political institutions as well. Our educational system, our system of local government, the civil service and the legal system are all now under critical examination because technology has made them obsolete.

But what about Parliament itself? Can we assume that it will go on, in exactly the same form as we now have it, forever and ever? I very much doubt it.

Much of the present wave of anxiety, disenchantment and discontent is actually directed at the present Parliamentary structure. Many people do not think that it is responding quickly enough to the mounting pressure of events or the individual or collective aspirations of the community. It would be foolish to assume that people will be satisfied, for much longer, with a system which confines their national political role to the marking of a ballot paper with a single cross once every five years.

People want a much greater say. That certainly explains the student protests against the authoritarian hierarchies in some of our universities. Much of the industrial unrest —especially in unofficial strikes—stems from the resentment of workers and their sense of exclusion from the decision-making process. Frustration also provides much of the driving force for nationalism in Wales and Scotland among those who want to participate more fully in policy making. Even the Black Power movement is an indication that colored immigrants are not prepared to rely entirely on white liberals to champion their cause.

All these tendencies are indicative of a general—and inevitable—trend away from authoritarianism and toward personal responsibility. We are moving rapidly toward a situation where the pressure for the redistribution of political power will have to be faced as a major issue. The implications for our system of Parliamentary democracy are far-reaching. The redistribution of power by decentralizing it is of great importance. But it is much more complicated than an exercise in geographical fragmentation. It means finding the right level for each decision and seeing that it can be taken at that level. It also means transferring much more power right back to the individual.

Our Parliamentary system has changed radically over the centuries. At first it was little more than a means by which feudal landowners tamed the power of kings. In the 19th century landowners and industrialists were forced, by the emergence of the middle and working classes, to share their power. But these people were not content to be represented by anyone other than themselves. That is how the Labour Party came to be formed.

Looking ahead we must expect equally radical changes in our system of government to meet the requirements of a new generation. I am not dealing here with the demand for the ownership or control of growing sections of the economy. I am thinking of the demand for more political responsibility and power for the individual than the present system of Parliamentary democracy provides.

I am thinking of a participating democracy under which more and more people will have an opportunity to make their influence felt on decisions that affect them. If that is our objective, as I believe it must be, what special characteristics would a popular democracy have that is now lacking in the Parliamentary democracy? It seems to me that there are six areas in which change is imperative:

(*1*) People must be given the right to know more about government and what it is doing. Nothing buttresses the established order so effectively as secrecy. The searchlight of publicity, shone on the decision-making processes of government, would be the best thing that could possibly happen. For centuries this was the only power the House of Commons had. The new Ombudsman, the probing of the specialist committees and the partial lifting of the old fifty-year clamp on public records are all moves in the right direction.

But I would be surprised if the process stopped there. In Sweden departmental and even cabinet papers are, unless they involve national security, named individuals or commercial secrets, available for public inspection. In this country there is considerable pressure to reveal exactly how the intricate structure of interdepartmental and cabinet committees actually works. The more light we throw on the workings of government the less we shall have of the obsession with personalities. While the public and the press are denied the right to know what is being discussed and how decisions are being arrived at we are bound to have columns and columns of personal tittle-tattle masquerading as serious political comment.

(*2*) Government should be allowed to know a great deal more than it does about the community it was elected to serve. This requirement is essential if we want to see decisions made on the basis of fact. You cannot manage an advanced society, which is a vast, complex, interconnecting system, unless the facts are available. That is one reason why we are now strengthening the statistical services and encouraging the publication of more data.

In the seventies, computers will be widely used for managing the economy by means of a sophisticated process control system not dissimilar from that now used in large automated plants. The value judgments will all be human and political, but we shall have a reasonable chance of achieving what we set out to do. All this depends on having information available to program the system. If we had this information at hand to guide us in social policy the present arguments about selectivity would fade away. The day will come, and probably soon,

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when taxation and social security systems will be completely integrated. Each individual can then settle his cash account with the community in an orderly way, paying tax or receiving benefit according to his circumstances.

The possibilities that are opening up are not without serious dangers. Processed information about individuals could be the basis for a police state, and a mass of new safeguards would be required. But on the positive side this information could and should compel government to take account of every single individual in the development of its policy. Just to exist will be to participate.

(*3*) Decision making must be directly shared with the electorate as a whole. The five-yearly cross on the ballot paper is just not going to be enough. Inevitably we shall have to look again at the objections to the holding of referenda and determine whether they are still valid. Public opinion polls—now studied under a microscope by every serious politician—are no substitute. The samples interviewed are only a tiny percentage of the population, and those who are questioned have no responsibility for the answers they give.

If some real issues were actually put out for a decision in principle by referendum, the situation would be transformed. This would involve genuine responsibility. We might not all like the result; at any rate, by sharing responsibility, an interest in public policy would be stirred in every household. Here, too, technology may ultimately help us. Electronic referanda will become feasible within a generation and with them could come a considerable upgrading of the responsibility and understanding of ordinary people.

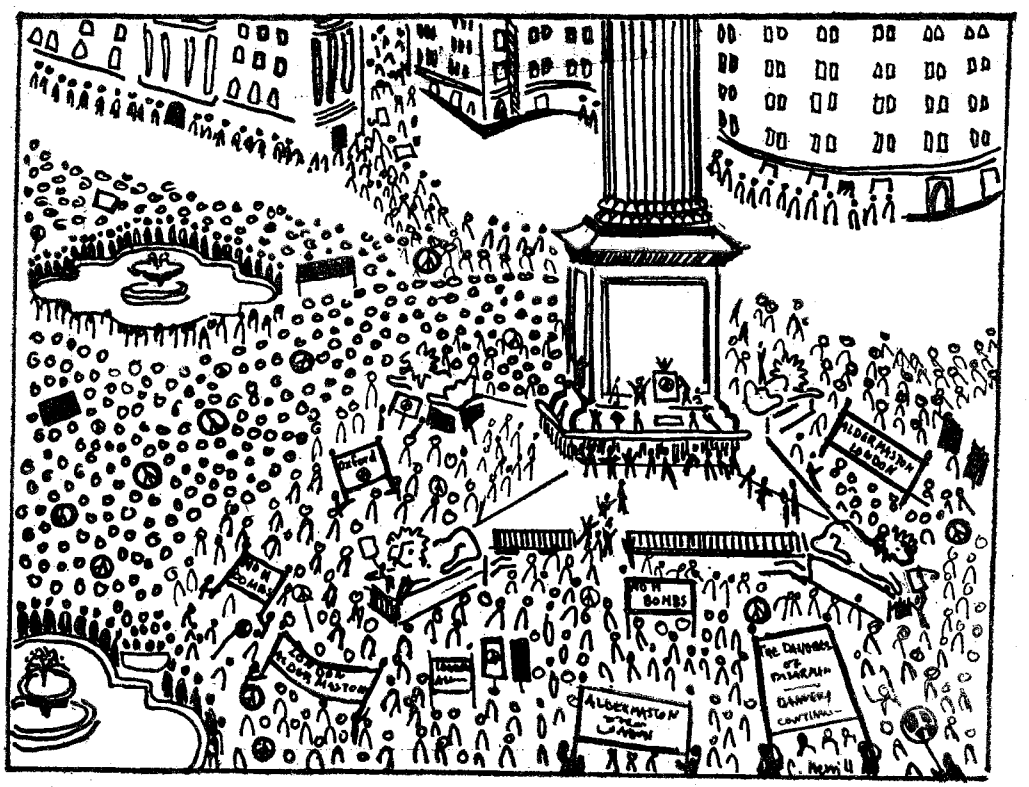
(*4*) There should be a radical re-examination of the way in which our mass communications are handled. Considering the power the mass media now exercise, it is surprising how little thought has been given to the interrelationship between them and democracy.

A Prime Minister can address the whole nation, if necessary at an hour's notice. A press tycoon can print his own article on the front pages of his own newspapers and have it read by millions. But for ordinary people with minority views the only way of answering back is to walk about with a placard and hope the press or television cameras will take a picture. Compared with the technology available to the mass media the public is still stuck with a communications system that has hardly changed since the Stone Age.

Perhaps this is one explanation for the fact that protest is edging ever closer to violence. Persons with minority views—strikers, those who dislike immigrants or are immigrants, the ones who oppose the war in Vietnam or want self-government for Cornwall—have precious little access to the community through the mass media. Minority opinions do find an outlet in books and through relatively small circulation papers and magazines. But access to the microphone or TV camera is very strictly limited—both by the B.B.C. and commercial TV.

What broadcasting now lacks is any equivalent to the publishing function. At the moment it is controlled by editors with slots to fill and a few selected minority views get into some of the slots. But three minutes of cross-examination, while you are roughed up by a folk hero TV interviewer, or a sequence of film showing a protest march, is no substitute for the right to speak.

The day may well come when independent groups of publishers would be allocated so many hours of broadcasting a month and told to help those who have something to say to national audiences. Unless we make a move in that direction we shall simply be denying ourselves access to a



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whole range of ideas which we ought, as responsible citizens, to be allowed to know about through the mass media.

(5) We must build up the strength of representative organizations of all kinds so that they can be consulted and as far as possible become self-regulating. The obvious model here is the professions which have been consulted and have for centuries regulated themselves. In the 19th century the trade unions emerged to represent working people and they too have been consulted and are being asked to take on new functions.

We shall also have to look again at the role of the pressure group. The function of government is to spot trouble before it becomes explosive, pick the brains of those who have thought the problems out, and evolve from these ideas a series of practical remedies. The more representative and professional pressure groups can be, the more government can work with them and the more responsibility can be devolved. This is one way in which power can be redistributed.

(6) Much more responsibility must be shifted to regions and localities. This does not involve the fragmentation of society into mere geographical areas. It means identifying decisions which ought to be taken, in and by the areas most affected by those decisions.

It will be an agonizing and difficult task to separate from Whitehall powers that have been exercised there for centuries. But this sort of surgery is inevitable, and the machine that will be left will be all the more efficient for being free of detail it cannot manage, leaving it to concentrate on the immensely complicated job of reaching more scientific decisions on national matters.

The pressures for changes along these lines are inevitable, and are among the main political issues that will be argued about in the seventies and beyond. However unwelcome this pressure, adjustments will have to be made. Otherwise, discontent, expressing itself in despairing apathy or violent protest, could engulf us all. It is no good to say that it could never happen here. It could.

CONSERVATION FOR SURVIVAL

ROBERT and LEONA RIENOW

Mr. Rienow is professor of political science at the State University of New York, Albany. He is the author most recently, with his wife Leona Rienow, of Moment in the Sun: A Report on the Deteriorating Quality of the American Environment *(Dial Press).*

Conservation is no longer a "cause"; it is a crisis. Its features are drawn in taut lines by forces unprecedented in human history, like a human face contorted by foreboding and strain. Conservation today bears scant resemblance to the historic pattern of the familiar wallflower at the ongoing dance of material progress.

Under the impact of a rocketing population, an insatiable spiral of economic expansion, as well as a gargantuan and pitiless technology, the very character of the concern of conservation has shifted. Once preoccupied with the quantity of resources, its attention is now focused on the quality of environment. Once a question of supply, conservation is now an issue of survival—of species, of habitat, of mankind.

Daily, the country is, or should be, shocked by the brinkmanship of the exploitation we live by. Dr. Barry Commoner has reported that some tested baby food has been found to contain enough nitrogen fertilizer to endanger life. Dr. Lamont C. Cole warns the American Association for the Advancement of Science that had a ship the size of the Torrey Canyon, loaded with concentrated herbicides rather than with crude oil, sunk off our coast, it would have erased the photoplankton of the sea which produce 70 per cent of the world's oxygen, and man and beast throughout the Northern Hemisphere would quickly have found themselves gasping for breath. As for air poisoning, despite mandatory crankcase and exhaust control devices on Los Angeles automobiles, the amount of hydrocarbons spit into the air daily has leaped from 1,870 tons in 1960 (before controls) to 10,860 tons a day, and the mustard blanket wraps that city—and most cities—more tightly than ever in its choking embrace.

Secretary Udall comes up with the mournful list of seventy-eight American species of wildlife which we have pushed to the brink of the never-never land—among them the American bald eagle, the national emblem. In December, 1967, thousands of oil-blackened waterfowl washed ashore on Maine's sub-zero coast, there to starve and freeze to death, victims of an illegal oil spill.

In the next thirty years, says Russel E. Larson, dean of the College of Agriculture at Pennsylvania State, the world must duplicate all the progress made through agriculture since the beginning of time, if we would avoid world-wide starvation. And in 1967, eighty nations of the world were for the first time moved to meet in Washington, D.C., in "a massive cooperative international effort to find solutions for man's water problems," in the President's words.

All these calamities and crises which now tread on one another's heels are symptoms, environmental warnings. We are burdening the land with more people, production and machines than it can possibly sustain.

"The problem," observed biologist Hugh H. Iltis of the University of Wisconsin, "is one of a single species of animal who is making the earth unfit for habitation by conquering it." It is a problem unique to our age. Not until 1915 did the United States reach its first 100 million population. On November 20, 1967, an unthinking, if not an ignorant, crowd stood in the foyer of the Commerce Department and applauded wildly as the census clock registered the 200 millionth inhabitant. In thirty-five years, perhaps even in twenty-five, if bullish tendencies prevail, another 100 million Americans will appear on the scene. These are the increased hordes who will inundate the

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parks, blight the landscape, crowd the beaches, destroy the air and make life unbearable for one another.

They are also compounded of an individual and collective appetite that is driving society to dyspepsia. Every "7½ seconds a new American is born," begins our *Moment in the Sun*. "He is a disarming little thing, but he begins to scream loudly in a voice that can be heard for seventy years. He is screaming for 26,000,000 gallons of water, 21,000 gallons of gasoline, 10,150 pounds of meat, 28,000 pounds of milk and cream, 9,000 pounds of wheat, and great storehouses of all other foods, drinks, and tobaccos. . . .

"He is requisitioning a private endowment of $5,000 to $8,000 for school building materials, $6,300 worth of clothing, $7,000 worth of furniture—and 210 pounds of peanuts to pass through his hot, grasping little hand. He is yelping for a Paul Bunyan chunk, in his own right, of the nation's pulpwood, paper, steel, zinc, magnesium, aluminum, and tin. . . ."

This infant will grow into the world's most prodigious consumer, citizen of a nation that accounts for one-fifteenth of earth's people but consumes one-half of its total product (and aspires, by the year 2000, to consume 83 per cent of it). We wallow in statistics projecting a gross national product by the turn of the century that will be more than double our present GNP—and appear charmed by the vision of 244 million cars on the road in that same year. We plan on a building pace of five times present experience. It is this double threat of more people demanding more per capita production that makes the modern conservationist run scared.

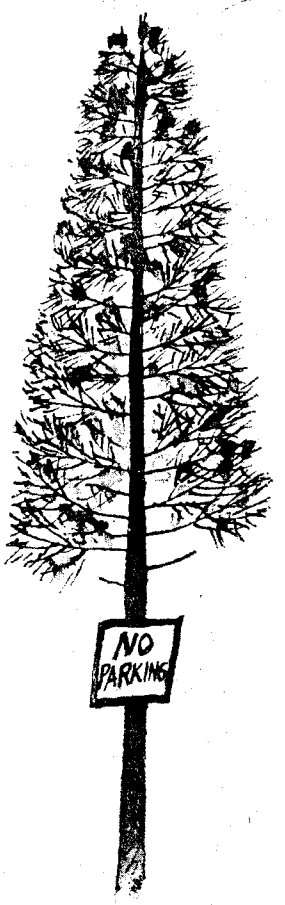
Nor can he muster much hope to save the beauty and balance of man's surroundings when he considers the relentless, savage power of the forces of predation. The exploiters are armed with an artillery of modern machinery as to make the universe quake.

A "mechanical monkey," for instance, has been announced with cheers. It embraces a living tree in a death hug and climbs to the top, chewing off all branches as it goes. It promises to consume every last unprotected tree of our once vast forests. "We shake up the earth and make it tremble!" exulted one TV documentary on man's subjection of nature. In Florida, a land speculator has developed the giant "tree-crusher" which shaves a 27-foot swath through the region's great cypress swamps for more housing developments.

The replacement of the bulldozer with the immense earth-churning cats, plus powerful new chain saws, have enabled the lumbermen of the Pacific Coast to promise the extermination of *all* of the prehistoric coastal redwoods within this one generation. "The redwoods are commercially valuable," declared a lumber company spokesman, "and therefore *they must be cut*."

True to their promised goal, as soon as the Senate, in November, 1967, cautiously approved a modest 66,000-acre park on Redwood Creek (with options for Secretary Udall to add to it the treasured "Emerald Mile," just upstream from its boundary) the barons acted. Overnight, the owners moved their mammoth machinery into the Emerald Mile, quickly felled a dozen of the 300-foot-tall giants, and rigged up the skidroads to strip down this breathtakingly beautiful spot. The old imperiousness of the 19th-century lumber baron was resurrected from ghosts Americans thought long banished.

Indeed, the "climate of conservation," as far as the redwoods are concerned, has the stability of a wraith. After long-drawn-out hearings, the House Committee under Wayne Aspinall of Colorado shocked the entire nation by slashing the 66,000-acre park passed by the Senate to a miniscule 32,000 acres (more than two-thirds of it composed of already saved redwoods in two state parks)! Lest anyone think this figure respectable, Yosemite claims, by comparison, 759,000 federal land acres, Yellowstone Park is composed of 2,213,000 acres and even little known Isle Royale National Park in Michigan contains 539,000 acres.



But that was not the worst. The committee thumbed its rather soiled nose at democratic procedures as well as at the desires of 95 per cent of the public polled on this special park proposal. The miserly 32,000-acre substitute was presented to the House under a suspension of the rules—a gag rule that denied more than fifty park proponents in the Congress any opportunity for amendment or debate.

Senate conferees Henry M. Jackson, Clinton P. Anderson, Alan Bible, Thomas H. Kuchel and Clifford P. Hansen now face a September confrontment in conference committee with House conferees Wayne Aspinall, Roy A. Taylor, Harold T. Johnson, John P. Saylor and Theodore Kupferman. The American people have this last-ditch

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opportunity to make their voice heard by these conferring gentlemen, if they act at once. As it is, the face of conservation in California now wears a sardonic grin.

Surface mining alone has defaced 3.2 million acres of land, and with the aid of a monstrous machine equipped with 200-ton jaws, the rate of disfigurement is now 150,000 acres a year which, it is estimated, we shall soon come near to doubling. Thus it is that today the defender of the environment tries to stand up against these demographic and economic forces with the breath of catastrophe and despair blowing down his neck. And as the forces of destruction expand, the land shrinks. No longer is the conservationist operating in a framework of almost wicked plenty—our virginal resource abundance which both dizzied and corrupted. Now each assailed spot becomes a final battle for its kind.

When the Eastern New York Chapter of Nature Conservancy wrenched Great Bear Swamp near Westerlo from the path of the Army Corps of Engineers' bulldozers, they were saving the last northern outcropping of the giant rhododendron in all New York State. When nature lovers rushed to stave off development of the Wild Buffalo River in Arkansas, it was the last such river left in that section of the country. When the Audubon Society and others joined forces to set aside habitat for the Kirtland's Warbler in Michigan and the Atwater prairie chicken in Texas, it was in each case the last such habitat available on planet earth.

Nor is the issue always confined so narrowly. The ecologist today worries about ecosystems. He sees us tampering with climates, willfully exterminating entire species, altering many thousand-year-old habitats. Says biologist Dan McKinley of the State University of New York at Albany in his colorful prose: "A broad ecological disaster will now be final, in a world where untapped frontiers no longer beckon us and temper our mistakes. . . . The man who burns his incense to an expanding economy must learn to investigate what is going up in smoke."

Today's conservationist must view the landscape not in spots and dabs as he once did but in its entirety. He must be concerned with a biotic community, with complete ecosystems. His vision has perforce come to encompass the whole web of life, including man. Thus he no longer sees just a poison bait carelessly planted here and there or an aerial spray drifting down on a field of cabbage, but bewails rather the systematic nation-wide saturation of the American environment with an annual 700 million pounds of biocides, herbicides and pesticides. He sees the predacious disruption of a whole watershed.

As a consequence he mourns not only a specific wildlife loss from an occasional chemical "spill"—but the blotting out of an entire species such as the Atlantic salmon, or the Great Lakes sturgeon. The California condor, the timber wolf, the grizzly bear, the roseate spoonbill, the southern sea otter and many more—even the Eastern bluebird—are struggling gamely against man's ingenuity in order to stay alive. Never before in history has there been concern over the ability of nature to defend herself, but Professor Iltis expresses the new attitude. "It is abundantly clear," he says, "that one of the most important jobs of the conservation movement today is to expose the fallacies of the indestructibility of nature."

Certainly no one who honestly confronts the assorted revolutions in population, in production and in expectations can ignore the limitations on resources. On this finite, raked-over little globe gluttony must soon have an end. Even the most optimistic find hope only in the "resources" of manipulation, foreign importation and scientific innovations—shaky piling indeed.

Lucky "breakthroughs" and scientific serendipity aside, however, the startling emphasis today is not primarily a statistical one. A *qualitative* deterioration is impoverishing and debauching our environment. Scientists no longer worry as much about the coal and oil supply as about the life-endangering contaminants their combustion throws into the atmosphere. Public officials have transferred their concern from the inventory of chemicals available, to septic rivers, the 100,000 defiled lakes, and the poisoned estuaries that have resulted from these products. The question as to whether we shall always have enough plastic and paper is blotted out of sight by the mountains of "discards" and trash we must wade over and through. Whether we have enough steel to make automobiles becomes secondary in urgency to the blight of junkyards and the aggressiveness of the motor vehicle.

Maybe the more visionary scientists are right when they assert that some day they will need "only mass and energy" in order to create *anything*; we can then stoke the stomachs of the most crowded population with tasty viands concocted of granite, industrial dust and kelp. But the modern ecologist must weigh against the satisfactions of fecundity and stomach stoking the losses in quiet, in health, in open space, in dignity, in sanity itself, and in the preservation of natural beauty.

This qualitative malaise is nature's backlash that, at long last, is beginning to raise some welts. "Committing that sin of overweening bumptiousness, which the Greeks called hubris," wrote Aldous Huxley, "we behave as though we were not members of the earth's ecological community, as though we were privileged and in some sort, supernatural beings and could throw our weight around like gods."

The crisis has come upon us suddenly; by the same token, the sting of the ecological backlash can be countered only with emergency measures while we buy time. Harsh and limiting expedients are justified if they will allow us to come to grips with the basic economic and social distortions. This generation is experiencing the convulsions of a dying nature. Only mouth-to-mouth resuscitation will revive her now.

For example: the seas of the world are suffering progressive deterioration and mindless abuse. Whole species are being fished to death by unregulated mechanical rakes that comb the ocean floor, by percussion, explosion, and the greedy rivalry of prowling fleets of scores of nations existing in feudal maritime disorganization. Until international law can regulate in some measure the exploitation of the world's maritime waters, holding actions must be adopted. If, unilaterally, this country can prevent the fatal destruction of the estuaries, breeding grounds for two-

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thirds of the ocean's sea life within its jurisdiction, legislation to that end should be risked.

Again, 462 million tons of particulates are spewed into the air each year with catastrophes of deadly proportions impending when weather inversions press these masses of pollution too long and smotheringly over the metropolises. Any measures—restrictions on the automobile or tinkering with the smokestacks—are a boon.

If we would save the Emerald Mile, or the Northern Cascades, or the Grand Canyon from precipitant destruction, quick Congressional action is imperative. If we can stave off the rising tide of infectious hepatitis (50,000 new cases a year) and mononucleosis (resembling leukemia) by reducing the septic threat of the river sewers, we shall have to act boldly in this staying action. If New York Councilman Robert Low's bill to prohibit transistor radios in buses, subways and public places will aid in preserving the hearing, health of the heart and normalcy of the blood pressure (as Dr. Samuel Rosen declares), such a bill can hardly be tossed aside as "futile" or "immaterial."

However, to be realistic, it must be repeated that these holding actions are not solutions but expedients, and their most drastic implementation now promises, dismally, to offer little more than temporary relief. The real solution to this whole complex of civilized afflictions is a package of such cultural intricacy—it calls for revolutionary shifts in values and social goals—that time and intense effort alone can bring it about. In the long run, the conservationist cannot really save any natural wonder, any threatened species, any significant open space, breathable air, potable water, or the amenities of civilization unless he grapples with the self-destroying expansionism doctrine.

How can what Aldo Leopold termed "the ecological conscience" replace the ingrained American creed of unceasing growth? We denigrate the stature of our President by forcing him to become little more than a barker for the new jobs industry creates and the increasing glut of goods the market provides. How can we, in the words of Secretary Udall, "disentangle our minds and hearts from our purse strings?"—even to save ourselves?

By this time even the most crass and obdurate expansionist must face up to the pitiful incompetence of both industry and government to protect the natural heritage or safeguard the future. Industry is profit oriented; government is power oriented. The nation needs a stewardship of our remaining treasure that is posterity oriented.

Of late, many suggestions are springing forth as to how to effect this new sense of values and at the same time protect what is left. Federal Power Commissioner Charles R. Ross himself brought to attention the idea (publicized by Scenic Hudson Preservation Conference) of the British National Trust—guardians of the public weal—whose duty it is to examine all proposed projects in the light of historical as well as environmental damage. Composed of the most prestigious and impartial citizens personally selected by the Chancellors of Oxford, Cambridge and the University of London, the Trustees of the British Museum and National Art Gallery, the presidents of the Royal Academy of Arts, the Youth Hostels Association, the Entomological Society and Royal Horticultural Society, as well as heads of the National Trust for Scotland, Ramblers Association, Government of Northern Ireland, Commons Preservation Society, Society for the Promotion of Nature, and one or two others, it has served well "to save the pleasures of England from the social and economic revolution which is threatening our landscape."

"With the wealth of organizations in addition to the Sierra Club, such as the National Geographic Society, the Conservation Foundation, and the Wildlife Federation, this Nation could easily establish such an illustrious and influential body whose opinion would normally carry the day." "At the very least," adds the Commissioner, "the advantages of any development would have to be clearly in the Nation's interest before this Commission or the Secretary would overrule the objections of such a body." In the same vein, Rep. John V. Tunney of California is pressing hard for a "Council of Ecological Advisers"—eminent citizens divorced from commerce—to speak out for the public interest. It is certain that bureaucratic heads and pressure-tormented officials would, as Commissioner Ross has revealed, welcome such a trust for it would take the heat off their own necks. Best of all, for the first time in American history, the suicidal effects of the growth fixation would lie nakedly and honestly exposed.

Prof. Nathaniel Wollman, writing in *Daedalus* (Fall, 1967), is convinced that our only hope lies in the power of such a board of environmental experts to reduce our reliance "upon a technical elite for making the correct

Drawings by Earl Thollander, Cry California

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decision. . . ." And writer Robert Boyle restates the same idea in more earthy fashion when he says in *Sports Illustrated*: "Putting an engineer in charge of a resource such as a river is like hiring a plumber to design a fountain."

Always heretofore, when public agitation has risen to a head for some reform measure to save the land, the head has been neatly decapitated by the high-powered economists of the threatened interests (see the $40,000 or so of ads placed in the biggest newspapers from coast to coast in January by the California Redwood Association to scuttle the proposed National Redwood Park bill). Public rights and desires are left headless and speechless, and usually bleed quietly to death.

For another instance of this one-sided propaganda: right now when public anxiety is at its height concerning our foul rivers, we are slapped in the face with the statement that the $20 billion a year which it might cost to bring them back to a state of "pristine purity" is about as much as the nation spends for its public school education. Most people, we are assured, would find such an undertaking "ridiculous." The crusade falls on its face.

But if we had a public-oriented group of economists of the stature of Professor Wollman of the University of New Mexico, they might quickly tear such smug arguments to bits. Twenty billion dollars a year is "roughly one-third to one-half the amount by which one year's GNP exceeds the previous year's GNP. Should we decide, therefore, to restore our streams to purity," he concludes tellingly, "the cost is a delay by four to six months of the expected *increase* in all other goods and services that we would otherwise enjoy." Here at last we have both sides of the coin. Would that we now had at hand a National Ecological Trust where the rebuttal powers of Mr. Wollman and others like him might be broadcast to the entire populace rather than be hid, as they now are, in the esoteric covers of that weighty little Journal of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, *Daedalus*.

For the findings of such a trust *would* be broadcast. By its very prestige, if not by the shock of its disclosures, it would command all communication media instantly. There arises here, however, the ancient enigma of the irresistible force and the immovable object. Once again the inborn growth obsession lifts its formidable head. We have built a whole set of sturdy institutions, economic and social, on the annually accelerated gouging of the environment. But in the words of architect Robert W. Patterson, "You cannot multiply forever both people and the things that people want unless you plan to take over more territory than the sterile moon represents." As we have emphasized in *Moment in the Sun*, the tragedy of our times is that we have institutionalized the agents of appetite and victimized the advocates of deeper satisfactions. We stand sullenly frozen in the consequences of our folly—the doctrine of ever more people demanding ever more things—while our leader, standing before Congress, recites our phenomenal growth statistics and laments "Why are you not happy?"

NO MONEY FOR SAFE LANDINGS

KARL M. RUPPENTHAL
An airline pilot for more than twenty-six years, Mr. Ruppenthal is director of the Transportation Management Program at Stanford University.

Dramatically highlighting the congestion in the skies, a representative of the Professional Association of Air Traffic Controllers recently reported "losing" Air Force Two. "Of course I don't mean to say that the White House Jet was really lost," he said on a nation-wide television program. "What I mean was that we lost radar contact with the plane and had to actuate non-radar traffic control procedures." Then almost as an afterthought, he added that Airways Traffic Control personnel have no way of knowing whether the Vice President of the United States is actually on board any given flight. But they presume that he is, since Air Force Two is the number designation of any plane in which the Vice President travels.

The spokesman for the controllers then went on to state that his colleagues were not engaged in a slowdown, nor were they attempting to exert undue pressure for any reason. But, he said, they had recently reviewed the hazards in air traffic control and had decided to go by the book. Not that anyone had been ignoring the rules, you understand! But a careful reading of the rules would make any prudent man cautious.

He didn't actually say it, but he almost quoted the nostalgic Southern Pacific advertisement that once graced the congested highways of the West. Near the top of an incline, after fighting traffic for many miles, a motorist often saw an SP billboard breezily suggesting, "Next time try the train." Indeed, a few airline clerks have been suggesting that very thing to passengers in a hurry. "It takes too long to fly," said one impish blonde ticket clerk.

The skies indeed are crowded. Unable to remain in the New York holding pattern much longer, one flight from Frankfurt diverted to Boston and refueled. Again New York bound, it was again directed to the holding pattern. Once more low on fuel, it diverted a second time to Washington. By then the congestion had become so severe that the flight was canceled and the passengers taken to New York by a bus, which, incidentally, had a flat tire along the way! Total holding time for the flight far exceeded the flight time from Frankfurt to New York.

Other flights have suffered similar fates. A five-hour flight from Los Angeles to New York often takes seven hours. A two-hour flight from Chicago may be delayed for at least as long as the flight itself. A South African athletic team homeward bound from Fayetteville, N.C., was advised to take the bus to New York rather than risk missing their transatlantic flight. (Actually, its departure was delayed for four hours after they boarded it.)

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Few passengers in recent weeks have escaped the impact of the congestion. Delays beget delays—once a flight is seriously late, it is difficult for the airline to resume a normal schedule until eventually an entire flight is canceled to allow the equipment to catch up with the schedules. Once-orderly airline terminals sometimes resemble refugee camps. Harassed airline employees are beginning to show signs of strain as long-suffering passengers voice their complaints.

So loud are their voices that they resound in the sacred halls of Capitol Hill. Long accustomed to the usual style of protest and almost impervious to run-of-the-mill complaint, Congress may indeed listen. And that, no doubt, is what the airways traffic controllers have in mind.

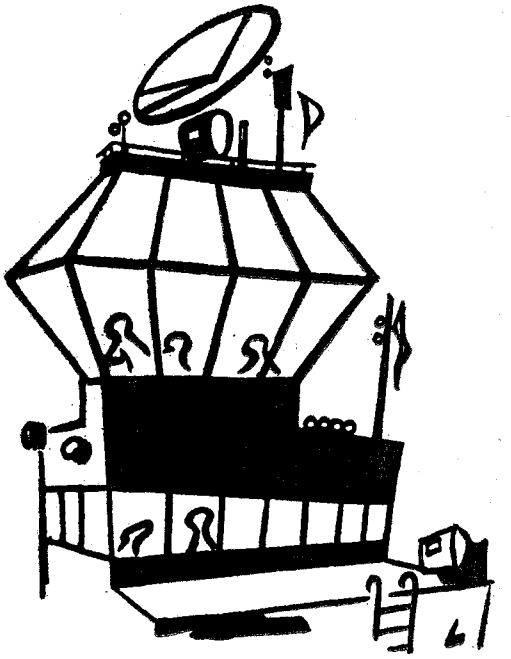
For some time highly trained and usually dedicated airways traffic-control personnel have been working long hours with a system that is becoming increasingly inadequate. Built basically to handle the DC-3, the system has managed somehow to keep pace with the much faster planes. But the attempt to cope with the situation has taken more and more out of the controllers.

Traffic Control procedures have been changed. Today it is not unusual for the final controller at an airport to clear three planes to land at the same time. It is true that the planes will be spaced behind one another on their final approach to the airport. If all goes well, the first plane will have cleared the runway before the second is ready to touch down. But should something happen—should the one plane be delayed in clearing the runway—it is incumbent upon the controller to tell the second plane to go around. Such constant attention to important detail is hard on any man. And the resultant strain is not reduced by the knowledge that hundreds of lives are in the controller's hands.

No single event brought about the controllers' reappraisal of their jobs and their decision to operate by the rules. Most conscientious controllers have been honestly concerned about safety. They have been well aware of the catastrophe that could result if their attention lapsed at a crucial moment. Morally responsible for the safe separation of aircraft operating under instrument flight rules (IFR), controllers also bear some legal responsibility. Some of them have been fined or otherwise disciplined for mistakes or errors in judgment.

The most immediate effect of rigorous adherence to the regulations is upon the airline passengers themselves. But for the airlines the delays may spell disaster. When a two-hour flight requires four hours, an airline's direct operating costs are doubled. The industry cannot afford cost increases of this magnitude—particularly in a year of declining profits.

Probably the most important cause of the air traffic congestion is the war in Vietnam. Vainly trying to keep federal expenditures within tolerable bounds while wasting billions of dollars on the war, President Johnson in his budget message asked government agencies to hold the line on expenditures. In spite of the fact that the Federal Aviation Administration had requested funds for advanced traffic control systems and additional traffic controllers, he requested that the agency be content with what



it already had. Faced with a balky Congress, he later agreed to additional budget cuts. In order to pass the 10 per cent income tax surtax, Johnson agreed to further domestic spending cuts. Like all nonwar agencies, the FAA was caught by the ax.

Acknowledging that the controllers were doing a difficult job and doing it well, LBJ admonished them to shoulder additional burdens with no increase in men. But soon the tension was too great; the rubber band could be stretched no more.

Of course it is true that not all of the U.S. airplanes should really be in the air. A large number of duplicating flights could be eliminated with little impact on the public convenience. In its desire to please all of its airline clients, the Civil Aeronautics Board has sometimes certified too many lines to serve the various routes. The result has been too many flights and too many empty seats flying in the nation's dense air traffic markets.

Another contributing factor has been Congressional reluctance to bestow sufficient power on the Department of Transportation. In this affluent but uncoordinated America, the federal taxpayer foots the bill for the interstate system of highways which so reduce rail passenger travel that federal subsidies are sometimes necessary to provide for the operation of essential commuter trains. Already federally subsidized, the local service airlines may have to ask for increased payments because of the costs of airways traffic delays. Yet the Department of Transportation has no authority to rationalize transportation or to insure that the taxpayers' funds are prudently used. It is all but powerless to prevent the growing congestion in the air.

Given no improvement in the situation, the U.S. airlines could conceivably grind to a halt. The highly skilled controllers have given the nation only a small taste of the chaos that could ensue should their legitimate demands be ignored. But while the action of the controllers is dramatic,

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the situation that confronts them is not unique. It is representative of the fiscal starvation that faces most civilian agencies as a result of the emphasis on war.

Once again the Congress is on a spot. Having demanded a substantial reduction in nonmilitary expenditures as the price for approving the income tax boost, it has had to reverse itself and produce additional money for airways traffic control. And once it is acknowledged that the needs of the civilian economy cannot all await the end of the war, other civilian agencies are in a position to make their demands.

If it is obvious that airways traffic control cannot stand still until such time as war expenditures are reduced, it is equally obvious that official exhortations to make do with inadequate funding will not suffice for the Post Office, the National Park Service, the National Institutes of Health, or other agencies. The problem for these other agencies is to find ways to dramatize their plight. Slow attrition of the Post Office or other agencies of government service does not carry a threat to the lives of the citizens. Nevertheless, the impact will be severe. In the long run all the civilian programs undertaken by the United States will pay some of the cost of the war. Like the system of airways traffic control, they will approach a state of collapse. And the ensuing damage will be so great that it will take more than Presidential exhortations to erase the scars.

PLANES OVER SAIGON

OPERATION SELF-DESTRUCTION

KARL H. PURNELL
Mr. Purnell has reported frequently from Vietnam for The Nation.

Just before Saigon's police chief, Col. Nguyen Van Luan, was killed by a misfired American rocket, he noted bitterly that U.S. air strikes in the city's suburbs were helping the enemy more than hurting them.

"The Vietcong has no Air Force of his own so he uses ours," he said a week prior to his death—a remark which must be classed as one of the most ironic of the war.

The continued use of American air and artillery power in the cities of Vietnam since the Tet offensive has created more refugees, destroyed more allied property, and killed more civilians in the urban areas than all the Vietcong rocket and mortar attacks during the entire war.

In Hue alone, U.S. jets and helicopters, plus Marine 106-mm. cannon, turned Vietnam's once most beautiful city to rubble and created more than 200,000 refugees. In Saigon, at least half a million Vietnamese fled their homes before U.S. planes leveled them. The number of civilian dead can only be surmised, but conservative estimates put the figure in the thousands.

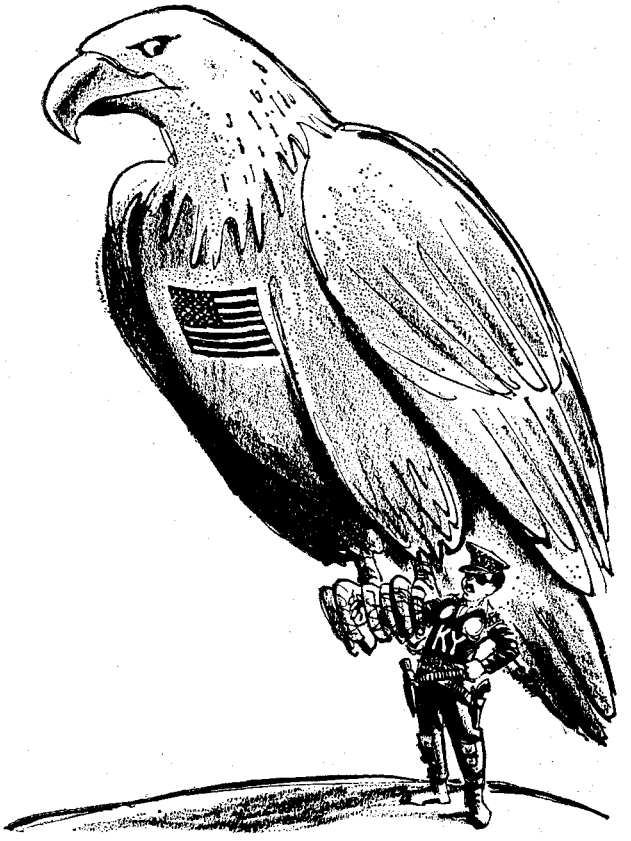
When it became apparent in February that the United States would respond to Vietcong infiltration of the cities with the same massive fire power used for years in the countryside, many Vietnamese observers in Saigon were quietly crediting Gen. Nguyen Vo Giap with a new and shrewd tactical innovation.

"Giap realizes that the government's last refuge in Vietnam is the cities. Now he is out to destroy these havens by turning our own guns against us," a prominent Vietnamese Senator told me.

Its simplicity made Giap's new strategy seem all the more cunning. By infiltrating a handful of snipers into a few blocks, he induced U.S. and South Vietnamese military commanders to destroy entire areas. For example, it is estimated that only three snipers were firing from the An Quang pagoda before this symbolic home of thousands of Vietnamese Buddhists was leveled.

One source who should know claims that Giap did not devise this strategy a priori. "Giap never dreamed the Americans would dive bomb their own cities," Wilfred Burchett told me in an interview in Cambodia recently. He said that the decision to attack the cities was a resumption of tactics broken off in early 1965 when the National Liberation Front was prevented from winning the war by the massive U.S. troop buildup.

"By the beginning of this year, Giap had retrained and regrouped his main force units which he withdrew from



Falconer
Mauldin, Chicago Sun-Times

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action in 1965." The Tet offensive, according to Burchett, indicated that Giap felt the countryside was under control and it was time to begin the final battle for the cities.

Whether the North Vietnamese or Vietcong leadership hit on the theory of using U.S. fire power before the offensive, or have simply seized upon a windfall since then, is of little help to the American commanders faced with the choice of how to combat urban infiltration. As the military see it, they must drive out the snipers either by house-to-house fighting or by leveling the area.

The disastrous outcome of the former tactic was proved in the battle of the Citadel in Hue, where 50 per cent of several companies of the First Battalion, Fifth Marines were killed or wounded during street fighting inside the walled city. The Marines spent three weeks advancing house by house for about fifteen blocks along the eastern wall of the fort. The thick masonry of the well-constructed homes plus the proximity of the enemy (two or three houses away in some cases) made air and artillery strikes impractical. The Marines had to run through the open streets to advance while the snipers fired from concealed positions. Those of us who were there estimated the kill ratio to be around 3 to 1 in favor of the North Vietnamese.

When it was over, a young Marine officer cursed the tactics which cost the lives of so many of his men: "We should have pulled back and blown the place apart." It was done in the main city on the far side of the Perfume River, where 80 per cent of the buildings were destroyed.

"Blowing the place apart" has been the normal strategy used in urban areas since the battle for the cities began early this year. If the price in American lives has been held down, the overall cost has been geometrically inflated.

Not only must an additional million refugees be fed, clothed and sheltered, and thousands of homes be rebuilt with U.S. dollars but a significant shift in Vietnamese attitudes toward the war has resulted. From the poorest peasant angered at the American planes strafing his home, to high officials such as the late Colonel Luan, a growing distaste for the war threatens to crack the fragile government structure now headed by President Thieu.

Dr. Phan Quang Dan, one of Saigon's most popular politicians, has recently been ousted as Minister of State for publicly stating what more and more Vietnamese are privately saying. Dr. Dan told an audience at the Hoover Institute in California that the Saigon government should be more liberal in agreeing to talks with the Vietcong. "Either you kill them all or you talk to them, and killing all of them is impossible," he said. For this suggestion, considered treasonous in Saigon, he was stripped of his portfolio only four weeks after becoming a minister.

The Vietnamese peasants have traditionally been pragmatic in their loyalties, giving allegiance to that side which offers the best protection. The Vietcong's new Air Force, complete with American markings and pilots, is not likely to stem a growing feeling in Saigon and elsewhere in the country that the best interests of the average Vietnamese will not be served by the Saigon government and its foreign allies.

THE OPTIMISM OF PRAGUE

VERA BLACKWELL
Miss Blackwell was born in Prague, and studied at the university there, in London (where she now lives) and at Radcliffe College. She is the translator of Vaclav Havel's plays; writes and lectures on Czechoslovakia.

Suddenly a major East European crisis which had been in the making for some time inside the "Socialist camp" erupted to the surface. Whatever the outcome, its reverberations will affect not only the Socialist countries but the whole world. As I write, the situation is changing almost hourly; however, the central issues are immutable. They will stay with us whatever happens in Czechoslovakia, or to it. They cannot be suppressed by force; suppression would only postpone their resolution.

The Czechoslovaks have confronted the world, East and West, with a fundamental question concerning the principal trends of present-day society: Can socialism be wedded to democracy, can social ownership of "the means of production" be squared in practice with all the democratic civil liberties? The Czechoslovaks have determined to make the experiment. They feel themselves particularly well suited to the task, since Czechoslovakia, alone among the Socialist countries, was at one time a vigorous democratic state.

The experiment was mapped out in the Czechoslovak Communist Party's Action Program, approved by the April plenum of the Central Committee. Some of the democratic reforms contained in the program have already been put into effect: most importantly, the abolition of censorship, the granting of full freedom of expression to all the mass media and to the widely proliferating non-Communist interest groups. Substantial steps toward the separation of party, government and judiciary have been taken. A thorough investigation of the crimes committed during the fifties and a full rehabilitation of the victims of Stalinist terror have begun. Further reforms are to be ratified by the forthcoming Party Congress in September and codified in the new constitution which is about to be drafted.

Those are the moves that have produced the ideological argument between Prague and Moscow. The Soviets believe that the exercise of democratic liberties means an end to the leading role of the Communist Party and the rise of "counterrevolution." Their defeatism is coun-

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tered by Prague's optimistic assumption that the essential truth represented by the party is strong enough to prevail in a democratic dialogue with any opposition group. Their position is defined in their Action Program: "The Communist Party depends on the voluntary support of the people. It is not implementing its leading role by ruling over the society but by faithfully serving its free, progressive Socialist development. It cannot impose its authority, but must constantly acquire it through its actions. It cannot enforce its line by order, but only by the work of its members and the veracity of its ideals."

We are witnessing, however, not merely an abstract ideological dispute. It is also a clash between the old interpretation of communism and the new. The Czechoslovaks are simply trying to suit Communist theory to the demands of a modern technological state. Modern technology cannot be squared with the intransigent dogma and strict controls that are still the bulwarks of the Soviet system. Similarly, the individual initiative and personal responsibility that are essential to its progress cannot be limited to a thin stratum of technocrats, managers, scientists and researchers, but must be spread widely among the people. Hence, a new economic model cannot be realized without an equally new political model.

What J. K. Galbraith once said about the Western dilemma aptly sums up its Eastern variety: "Ideas in social science always survive by a considerable margin the events that make them obsolete. After the foundations erode, the façade is still held up for a time by the vested interest of minds that do not wish to change." This is why the problem will stay with us, no matter how hard the inflexible minds might try to suppress, or perhaps even obliterate it. The Czechoslovak way opens a road to the future.

Far from trying to endanger the Socialist structure, the Czechoslovak party liberals launched their "peaceful revolution" last January precisely in order to create the nonexistent prestige of the Communist Party, to build bridges between the party and the rest of the population (among the 14 million citizens, there are only 1.5 million Communists); and within the party itself, between the top echelons and the rest of the membership.

In the first "revolutionary" months their liberalizing program met with massive support. Later came doubts and hesitations. People became tired of all the speech making. Even the most outspoken and incendiary orations seemed unable to stop a creeping apathy which was the result of the previous twenty years of demagogy and which was again beginning to immobilize the recently resuscitated "public opinion."

And then, almost literally overnight, the party achieved its goal. For the first time in history a Communist party acquired a mandate not by force but through the free and, what is more, enthusiastic support of the overwhelming majority of the people. How did it happen? It was a result of a combination of the party's liberalizing program, the freedoms it instituted, its purposeful reawakening of national traditions, the affronts all these gestures had received from the Warsaw Quintet, plus—most importantly—the uncompromising stand Dubcek and his team took when faced with threats. Instead of caving in under the well-calculated, concerted menace of the Soviets and their four loyal allies, Dubcek faced it. He returned the challenge, not in the boorish manner in which it arrived but calmly, with dignity, with fastidious politeness. At that moment Alexander Dubcek became a hero to the people for whom he speaks.

Ever since Munich the Czechoslovaks have been resigned to seeing their leaders yield to threats, shamefully retreating under pressure. The last spontaneous gesture the nation had made was in 1938, when its volunteers and regulars defiantly rushed to defend the frontiers against Hitler. Then came their silent return, their silent rage, and finally just silence. The backbone of the nation had been broken. The resuscitation after the war was partial and short-lived.

Therefore, when the exchange of letters between the Warsaw Quintet and Dubcek's team appeared all over the Republic in special editions, people were at first stunned.

Behrendt—Algemeen Handelsbad (Amsterdam)
Communist Meeting

They could not believe their eyes. And then a great wave of enthusiasm began to swell, as the Czechoslovaks realized that, unbelievably, they had again become citizens of a sovereign state, that they could again trust their leaders and be proud of their country. Those under 40 felt this pride and this trust for the first time in their lives. There followed an avalanche of letters, telegrams, notes, postcards, resolutions, telephone calls from all over the country, expressions of loyalty to the liberal leaders and to Dubcek personally, and of unequivocal support for the democratization program. There were also messages from Czechs on trips abroad. They assured their leaders and their countrymen that they would return at once, if their presence was needed. For the last twenty years Czechoslovaks have been running away from, not back to, their country.

All this explains why, to the amazement of Western correspondents who have once more flocked to Prague, the Czechs and Slovaks are so relaxed and so supremely calm, in spite of all the angry saber rattling and the rumbling of the tanks at their very doorsteps. With the regained dignity and self-respect came outpourings of love. In the streets people beam at one another, they all look as

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though they wished to fall into one another's arms. They even rather love their "misguided" neighbor. With an indulgent chuckle, they contrast the clumsiness exhibited by the Russian bear with the foxlike cleverness and grace of "their" Dubcek.

But over and above the gentle humor, there is acute awareness that Czechoslovakia stands at a crucial point of its history. Hence the urgent tone of the "Message," addressed by the writers to the Czechoslovak leaders on the eve of their confrontation with the Soviet Politburo. The message has now been signed by literally millions of people throughout the country, in a kind of "plebiscite" largely organized by students. Its aim was to strengthen the leaders by a massive show of support. This further demonstration of total unity created an astonishing mood. It can be almost physically touched, yet it is hard to describe. This is how Athens must have felt on the eve of Salamis. Comparison with a Greek polis is not too far off the mark. There is the same active participation of all citizens in the destiny of their country, the same familiarity of speech, the same intimate relationship between the leaders and the citizens. All these animate the text of the message:

> As many times before in the history of mankind, a few men will decide the fate of millions. It is difficult and we want to help you by expressing our support. The history of our country over the past centuries is a history of bondage. Except for two short intervals we have been condemned to create our national existence illegally. We have several times stood on the brink of disaster. . . . The moment has come when . . . we have found the beginnings of hope not only for ourselves, but also for others. . . . We expected the whole Socialist camp to be first to welcome with sympathy this development. Instead, we are being accused of treason. . . . All we are striving for can be expressed in four words: Socialism, alliance, sovereignty, and freedom. . . . Speak on behalf of the people who in these days have ceased to be merely an abstract term and have become a force creating history. . . . Act, explain, but unanimously defend the path on which we have set out and from which we do not intend to *depart alive*. . . . Keep us in mind. You are writing a fateful page of the history of Czechoslovakia. Write with deliberation but, above all, with courage. We trust you.

HARRY GOLDEN

IN 1964, Republican Sen. Strom Thurmond couldn't restrain himself from leaping from the sidewalk to join Barry Goldwater's parade wending through Greenville, S.C. The folks along the way cheered louder and longer for Barry and Strom than they would have cheered for Gen. Robert E. Lee had he defeated Ulysses S. Grant.

Before the Republican National Convention this month, Senator Thurmond said that the federal government is a monster which must be curbed. Here is what his South Carolina receives each year from the wicked federal government:

Veterans: All cash benefits	$50,148,362.00
Public Service Activities	3,422,346.00
Employment Security Commission	5,013,098.00
Public Schools of South Carolina	7,445,706.75
Highway Department of S. Carolina	42,000,000.00
ARA Funds	6,079,158.00
Federal Payments to Farmers . .	21,500,000.00

As of today, 264,361 people in South Carolina receive Social Security. A total of $14,084,824 is poured into the South Carolina economy *monthly*.

For the past thirty years, not only South Carolina but the entire South has been a sort of federal preserve like Yellowstone National Park—only with people getting the goodies instead of bear cubs. Barry Goldwater, the Republican, had promised to turn the schools back to the states, and turning the schools back to the states to anyone born below the Mason-Dixon line meant preserving the Southern way of life, suh. Three weeks ago in Winston-Salem, N.C., Gov. Ronald Reagan of California repeated that he wanted to do the same. A group of earnest Tar Heels turned somersaults.

During the Republican National Convention, Richard Nixon held a secret meeting with Southern delegates at which, it is reported, he proposed a special legislation without their consent, just like John C. Calhoun. Nixon told these awe-struck delegates that he personally did not like open housing, and was only talking about it to get it out of the way—to bury it in a coffin of rhetoric.

Harry Truman let the Southerners stamp out of the 1948 Democratic Party convention rather than withdraw the civil rights plank. What Harry said of the whole region was: "You can have it, I don't want it, it belongs to you." So Strom Thurmond carried some of the Confederate states and the South ceased to be a Democratic Party preserve.

The South will vote Republican or for Wallace because it is conservative, because it is only beginning to industrialize, and because it likes Republicans and Governor Wallace. Its largest cities are crossroads compared to the Northern industrial complexes of Detroit or Cleveland—or Buffalo for that matter. This year Hubert Humphrey is going to say to Richard Nixon and George Wallace, "You can have it, I don't want it, it belongs to you." And by doing so will make himself a better bet to succeed Lyndon B. Johnson.

A Presidential candidate should not have to make a deal with the guys on his side. Rutherford B. Hayes had

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to make deals with the South or he would never have reached the White House. Dwight D. Eisenhower didn't, although he thought he had to when he waved his hands and shouted over the public address system, in Columbia, S.C.: "I always stand up when they play *Dixie*." Adlai Stevenson declared to the same audience, "I cannot say one thing up North and another thing down here."

Richard Nixon thinks he can. Making a deal costs a man something. Making deals will probably cost the Republicans another election and the next time around the Democrats will again say the same thing to the South: "You can have it, I don't want it, it belongs to you."

LETTERS *(Continued from page 130)*

him in the record time of twenty-seven minutes without having seen the murder weapon, or having heard testimony that Newton had been seen wielding it, or having asked any questions? Why does he not mention that the grand jury was all white and that the United States Court of Appeals refused to quash the indictment that was challenged on those grounds?

It is regrettable too that Harris says nothing of the repeated harassment of the Black Panthers, by means of arrests, searches and provocations on the part of the Oakland police, a list of which would be nearly as long as his article and as germane as any of the innuendoes he casts. An examination of such facts might have led Harris to conclude not that "the Black Panthers seem to be a dead-end movement" but that the objective of the Oakland police appears to be to exterminate the Black Panther Party for Self-Defense. It is bad enough to try Mr. Newton in the newspapers. If he can't get a fair trial in *The Nation*, where can he get it?

Martin Birbach, Associate Professor
San Jose State College

San Francisco, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: If Professor Birnbach wants to say there is injustice toward black Americans, of course I agree. In fact, I thought I made it clear that the Black Panthers were driven into their present state of mind by their sense of outrage against society.

I wonder how carefully Professor Birnbach read my article. I wrote about the continuing legal challenge against "the right of a grand jury composed almost entirely of upper-middle-class whites to vote indictments on poor blacks." And I cannot see why Professor Birnbach appears to find I failed to describe Mr. Seale's fear of police injustice when I wrote, "Seale is almost always on the move, showing up at rallies and then disappearing for the night to places where he hopes the police cannot find him."

I can go on point by point: the case of Mr. Cleaver's parole is being considered now by the District Court of Appeal; the question whether the grand jury had probable cause to vote an indictment can be raised in any criminal case and can only be answered by the trial itself, and the matter of whether the Black Panthers helped provoke the police raids is a matter on which people may differ.

I did no speculate on Huey Newton's guilt or innocence, but I did state briefly what the charges were, what the defense seemed to consist of and the curious fact that many of Newton's supporters regard his guilt or innocence as irrelevant. The place for the trial is not in the pages of *The Nation* but in the courtroom.

What distresses me is that those who profess to be supporting Huey Newton appear to be doing their best to inflame the community against him. He is on trial for his life, but pickets parade in front of the courthouse with signs like "Chairman Mao Says Free Huey." This may be exciting, but it underlines my point that the Black Panthers are engaging in suicidal tactics. *Michael Harris*

reassuring Al Capp

Los Angeles, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: Eric Hoffer, the very loud and shrill voice of the so-called "silent center." regularly (in his *Los Angeles Times* column) makes common cause with George Wallace, the very loud and shrill voice of the vociferous extreme Right, in their continuous attack on intellectuals.

Hoffer, in a recent such column, quoted another ally of his as follows: "Al Capp said recently that although he has been for years a critic of American society it has only been since he began poking fun at pacifists that he has felt any fear for his life."

For Mr. Capp's and for Mr. Hoffer's edification—it wasn't a pacifist who murdered Robert F. Kennedy.

It wasn't a pacifist who murdered Martin Luther King, Jr.
It wasn't a pacifist who murdered Che Guevara.
It wasn't a pacifist who murdered Lee Harvey Oswald.
It wasn't a pacifist who murdered John F. Kennedy.
It wasn't a pacifist who murdered Malcolm X.
It wasn't a pacifist who murdered Medgar Evers.
It wasn't a pacifist who murdered Patrice Lumumba.

Pacifists are *not* behind the campaign to kill any effective anti-gun legislation.

Pacifists did *not* mastermind the greatest bombing in history—the one that sets new records in death and destruction with each new day and each new aerial sortie.

Jack Hughes

tip from the Irish

Rice, Minn.

DEAR SIRS: Have any people anywhere kept their country out of war by resistance to their government's conscription laws? The answer is a resounding yes.

Ireland, alone of the British Dominions, escaped the madness of World War I by setting up the cry, "no blood tax" in answer to England's attempt to enforce the military draft of Irishmen. So fierce was the resistance to having their sons dragged into the holocaust in France that England chose not to try to enforce the draft in Ireland.

Is this the way, and possibly the only way, to stop the brutal, futile, stupid business of war?

Stewart Graves

trees and guns

Los Angeles, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: When the Sierra Club campaigned against the proposed despoilment of the Grand Canyon area the Internal Revenue Service removed its tax-exempt status.

On the other hand, the IRS says it's O.K. for the National Rifle Association to lobby against gun controls and still remain tax-exempt. The NRA, for all practical purposes, is a mouthpiece of the gun-manufacturing industry.

All of which is a pretty good index of the mentality and morality of the IRS and/or its bosses higher up in the government. Thumbs down on the preservation of life and the living. Support for the merchants of death.

Ken Pagerin

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

New Lease for Liberalism

TOWARDS A NEW PAST: Dissenting Essays in American History. *Edited by Barton J. Bernstein. Pantheon Books. 364 pp. $6.95.*

THE CORPORATE IDEAL IN THE LIBERAL STATE: 1900-1918. *By James Weinstein. Beacon Press. 263 pp. $7.50.*

RONALD RADOSH

Mr. Radosh teaches history at Queensborough Community College, City University of New York. He is editor, with Louis Menashe, of Teach-Ins U.S.A.: Reports, Opinions, Documents *(Praeger).*

Since historians are themselves affected by the time, place and circumstances in which they compose history, it is not surprising that in the 1950s they joined the Great American Celebration. "Believing that the nation had achieved affluence and that political power was widely distributed," Barton J. Bernstein writes, historians "affirmed the triumph of liberalism and often found in the New Deal dramatic proof of the success of non-ideological reform."

But with the birth of the civil rights movement, the new awareness of poverty, and the fruits of imperial intervention spelled out in Vietnam and Latin America, the old assumptions about America began to shatter. In *Towards a New Past* Bernstein has collected varied examples of how a new and younger group of historians are reassessing our heritage. Contributors were chosen who have a "series of approaches or interpretations," but who in Bernstein's eyes have broken with the general views of consensus historians.

The collection creates a somewhat uneven impression, ranging from the rather traditional essays by Staughton Lynd, Marilyn Blatt Young and James McPherson to the perceptive and radical essays of Michael Lebowitz and Christopher Lasch. (Lasch's essay on the cultural cold war appeared in a special issue of *The Nation*, September 11, 1967.)

Robert F. Smith particularly breaks new ground in his revisionist essay on the origins of World War II, refuting the theory that an innocent United States responded passively to the aggressive actions of other powers. Rather than being seen as "befuddled and defensive," the United States is treated as an "imperial-minded power with ambitions and goals" similar to those of most nation states. Smith does not separate diplomatic and ideological issues from economic conflicts. While American leaders did not want war, they were willing to fight for an order in which "the fruits of an imperial position" would be preserved.

The most subtle and enticing suggestions are contained in the essay by Eugene D. Genovese. An avowed Marxist himself, Genovese departs from Marxist predecessors and insists that an accurate understanding of the slave South calls for a break with determinism, a narrow economic interpretation and an "insipid glorification of the lower classes." He berates Marx and Engels for failing to examine the origins, history and ideology of the slaveholding class, and asks American Marxists to acknowledge that "certain elements of the slaveholders' ideology deserve the attention and respect of those who would build a socialist order." Jefferson Davis is treated as a class-conscious, socially responsible leader who fulfilled the duties which his class and society expected of him.

Genovese thus raises the critical problem of how a ruling class maintains its hegemony. He states that a ruling class "must develop a comprehensive world outlook that transcends its immediate and particular interests and that, however partially, identifies itself with the values and aspirations of the people as a whole."

How the American ruling class has gained the loyalty of the populace, and made its own world view presentable as the general will, is the implicit theme in what is the most important book written by a radical historian since publication of William Appleman Williams' *Contours of American History*. Put alongside Gabriel Kolko's study of the progressive era, James Weinstein's *The Corporate Ideal in the Liberal State* challenges Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.'s assertion that "liberalism in America has been ordinarily the movement on the part of the other sections of society to restrain the power of the business community."

This belief, Weinstein argues, lies behind the false consciousness that liberalism was and is anti-big-business. Since many reformers did not understand how liberalism functioned, they inadvertently helped the corporations maintain their hegemony by furthering the belief that movements for regulation of the economy and social reform (Pure Food and Drug Act, Federal Trade Commission, Workmen's Compensation acts, Social Security, etc.) were victories won by the people in a fight against the "trusts."

Weinstein carefully reveals that liberalism has been the favored ideology of American business leaders. While reforms developed impetus from the needs of those on the bottom of the social structure, few of them were enacted without the approval and/or guidance of large corporate interests. Weinstein's volume is, in part, a lengthy analysis of the activity of the National Civic Federation. Organized in 1900, the group was led by sophisticated class-conscious corporation leaders (men like Andrew Carnegie and Mark Hanna) in conjunction with "responsible" trade union leaders (Samuel Gompers) and noted professionals. While not entirely successful in its goal of gaining recognition for conservative trade unionism, the National Civic Federation began to change the consciousness of business leaders and to point out the need for a consensus between business and labor, to gain "accommodation to the large corporation system" so that business uncertainty would be ended.

Part of the reason business leaders favored reform was their strong fear of anti-corporation radicalism. When the American Socialist Party developed increased strength after 1911, it alone represented a challenge outside the framework of consensus. To deal with the Socialists, corporation leaders perceived that they had to make a distinction between reforms that were "socialistic and anarchistic in principle," and those which Socialists "would naturally favor," but which were "not necessarily in conflict with the underlying principles of the existing industrial order." Few were the radicals like Robert R. LaMonte, who understood that reforms were the job of progressives; that Socialists had to make only "impossible demands" which embodied what Weinstein calls "a vision of socialism" that raises "the question of control over fundamental decisions."

Given a commitment to use the power of the state to rationalize corporation capitalism, it is not surprising that National Civic Federation members like John Hays Hammond, a mining engineer close to the Guggenheim interests, came out for reforms that envisioned the entire New Deal. Hammond favored industrial peace and called for labor unions that were in the "hands of the best class

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of labor leaders," in order to prevent formation of unions "of the radical stripe." He also favored a federal public works program, which he termed a prerequisite "to removing just causes of social unrest." Employers had to anticipate labor's demand, and avoid making unreasonable concessions "at the point of the pistol."

Such men did indeed have the sophistication "to move to the left in the face of real, imminent or anticipated threats" from anti-corporation radicals. How they did this is revealed by Weinstein in his discussion of the Commission on Industrial Relations. Sponsored by Presidents Taft and Wilson to investigate the causes of extensive labor violence in 1911, the commission was composed of representatives from capital, labor and the "public." The commission chairman, Frank P. Walsh, bravely condemned and exposed John D. Rockefeller's role in the Colorado coal massacre of 1914. His harsh attack on a leading man of wealth might have made future cooperation between capital and labor more difficult; it might even have made many workers lose faith in the system and turn toward socialism.

But Weinstein points out that though such a revelation might be damaging if left to the Socialists, when it came from an official government agency the effect was exactly the opposite. Attacking Rockefeller for "social irresponsibility" did not challenge the consensus in which the corporations remained dominant. In 1968, the Kerner Commission argues that white racism caused civil disorders, and tells us that America is a racist society. What appeared radical and threatening when voiced by black militants, becomes grounds for hope and faith in the existing system when stated by "responsible" Negroes and government officials.

World War I gave Wilson a chance to show that a liberal administration could respond to business needs without being anti-labor, and to solidify support by allowing reformers and pro-war Socialists to sit on government boards. In reality the era of laissez faire had passed. It had been replaced by a statist corporate capitalism that sought to enhance its legitimacy by merging into its structure potentially dissident groups. Workers, farmers and small businessmen had *less* real strength, but they had succeeded in gaining "recognition as legitimate social forces," while the reforms that were developed were limited to those which would make corporation capitalism more efficient.

What James Weinstein suggests is therefore of utmost urgency for those who seek to create a new humanist society. Reformers, "no matter how radical they thought themselves to be," found themselves submerged in reform movements "whose underlying purpose is to reduce the inharmonies of the existing system." This occurred because of the "absence of a revolutionary party with a comprehensive critique of the existing society and a comprehensive vision of a new one." The corporate liberals have made (and continue to make) necessary modifications that create a façade of harmony, while propping up the corporate capitalist system. Many radicals accepted the changes, and shared the illusion that they had gained real power in society. By showing how liberalism works to maintain corporate capitalism, James Weinstein helps to shed false consciousness about the system's nature, and provides a tool for the possible creation of a revolutionary Socialist party that may challenge the social order of corporate capitalism.

Beyond Libel

LIBEL AND ACADEMIC FREEDOM: A Law Suit Against Political Extremists. *By Arnold M. Rose. University of Minnesota Press. 287 pp. $7.95.*

FRANK J. DONNER

Mr. Donner is a New York attorney who specializes in constitutional law and civil liberties cases. He is the author of The Un-Americans *(Ballantine).*

In the sixties, the town-and-gown conflicts which have historically riven college campuses (especially in land grant college communities) have escalated as students and faculties have broadened their civic and campus concerns. But in contrast to the thirties and the cold-war era, the new *Kulturkampf* launched by the ultra right has, for the most part, resulted in a rout of *in situ* witch hunters and their legislative allies. One of these garden-variety, anti-subversive attacks on the faculty of the University of Minnesota took place in 1963-64, inspired by an ultra-rightist organization, Christian Research, Inc., headed by one Gerda Koch. The campaign, which ultimately led to a legislative investigation, was fused by two "exposés," pillorying a sociology professor at the university, the late Dr. Arnold Rose (he died in January of this year) as a Communist collaborator and security risk because of his association with Gunnar Myrdal (dubbed a "notorious Swedish Communist") in the writing of *An American Dilemma.* The attack on Dr. Rose was launched while he was a candidate for the Minnesota state legislature and continued after he was elected.

Dr. Rose responded in January, 1964, with a suit for libel of which this book is a lucid and absorbing account. In support of its case, the defendants introduced "documentary proof" (Miss Koch transported into the courtroom a library of more than 200 government reports, scores of research files and dozens of rightist texts on subversion in the United States) purporting to show the demonic goings-on of the Federal Reserve Bank and the role of the Council on Foreign Relations as the invisible government for which the Communists served as a front, the whole liberally spiced with anti-Semitism. The jury was unimpressed and awarded Dr. Rose $10,000 compensatory damages and an equal amount in punitive damages (to deter a repetition of the offending publications).

More instructive than the defendant's futile attempts to use the courtroom as a propaganda forum is the genealogy of the demonstration that Dr. Rose was subversive. Subsequent to the Supreme Court's desegregation decision in 1954 Southern legislators, both in the Senate and House, launched a coordinated attack on the Court. Senator Eastland, its leader and organizer, charging that the Supreme Court's desegregation decision was tainted with subversion because a footnote had made reference to Gunnar Myrdal's seminal study of the Negro problem, labeled a number of Dr. Myrdal's research aides (but not Dr. Rose) as "identified"—a talismanic term of authentication in rightist rhetoric—members of Communist-front organizations. Of Dr. Myrdal himself, the Mississippi Senator said merely that he was a "Socialist who had served the Communist cause."

During the debate in the House when it was the turn of Jimmy Davis of Atlanta to speak his piece, he was hard put to find something new to say. No intellectual giant, he proceeded to charge that Myrdal was a "notorious Swedish Communist."

In the August, 1957, hearings of the Senate Internal Security subcommittee on legislation to limit the appellate jurisdiction of the Supreme Court, the most spectacular testimony—if one could call it that—was a document submitted by a mysterious Col. Tom Hutton on behalf of an even more mysterious outfit, SPX Associates. ("SPX" refers to an alleged "Soviet principle No. 10"—the principle of paralyzing the countries of the free world into an abandonment of self-protection from Communist designs.) This "geopolitical" tract repeated the

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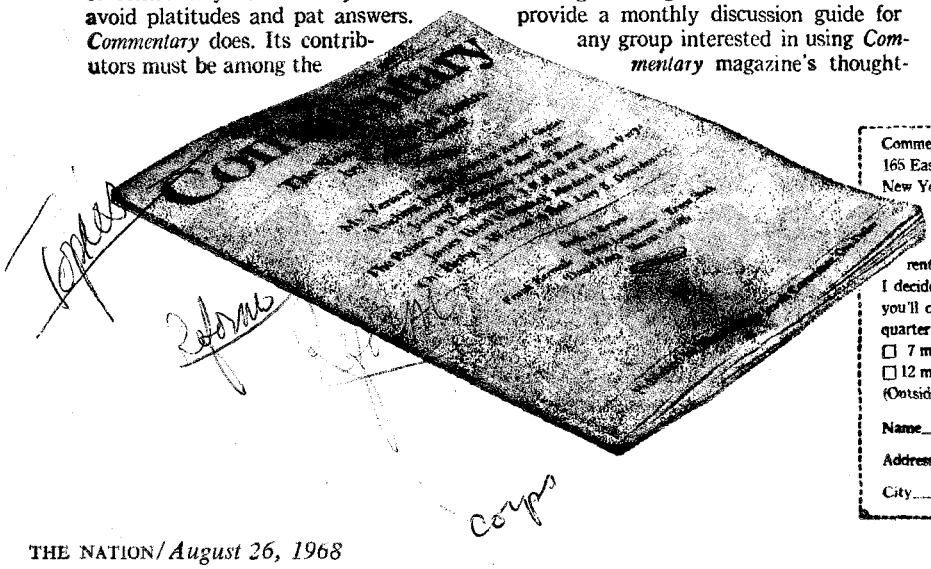

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Eastland and Davis charges against Myrdal and concluded that the Supreme Court's decisions "have done more for enemy forces and objectives than might have been accomplished by any other agency or form of paralysis short of actual overthrow of the American Government."

The product of a secret collaboration with the Senate committee staff and characterized by staff counsel Sourwine as "a work of some scholarship," it was launched by the committee as a dazzling piece of documentation—the Dead Sea scrolls of anti-subversion. The committee printed Colonel Hutton's dissertation separately as an appendix to the hearings, thus obviating the necessity for Senate permission to reprint and circulate additional copies. It was subsequently produced for mass distribution by the Government Printing Office as an official document under the committee's frank. The title of the reprint was cautiously altered from the "Supreme Court as an Instrument of Communist Global Conquest" to the "Supreme Court as an Instrument of Global Conquest," but with a superscription that the Communists had tried to suppress it.

The charges against Myrdal now doubly "documented" were made available for the elaboration by local rightist groups into anti-subversive "documented exposés"—a uniquely American political art form by which dossiers of "identified" subversives originating with legislative committees are reticulated and projected over huge areas of political expression. (*The Herald of Freedom* has just published an exposé of George Ball which establishes his subversion by a chain of proof which includes the fact that his former law partner was at one time a director of a publication the wife of whose editor was once a law partner of an "identified Communist.")

The functioning of the entire ultra movement is geared to this exposé technology. Rightists trade dossiers like postage stamps and many leading ultra groups were launched by purchasing libraries of files, dossiers and reports from older outfits. The bedrock of the entire system is the government publication (how much more "documentary" can you get?); the Government Printing Office is the ultras' principal publishing house. The grimly pedantic way the ultras preen themselves on their devotion to "facts" and "documentation" (Stormer's *None Dare Call It Treason* boasts 819 footnotes) is reflected in Miss Koch's choice of names for her publication ("Facts for Action") and its sponsoring organization, "Christian Research, Inc." This title which suggests scholarship anointed by evangelical authority is a Waughishly comic mask for a purveyor of potted political exposés.

Dr. Rose's verdict was reversed on appeal and a new trial was ordered on the ground that the instructions to the jury had failed to take proper account of the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the *New York Times* case, which ruled that the Constitution permits a state to afford a remedy in a libel action brought by a public official for criticism of his official conduct only when a false statement is made with the knowledge that it was false, or with reckless disregard of whether it was false or not, a landmark decision because it significantly relates free speech to the imperatives of self-government. The Court subsequently applied similarly spacious standards to libel actions brought by "public figures." Since Miss Koch's charges were made while Dr. Rose was a candidate for public office or actually serving, he was plainly covered by the *Times* ruling.

As fas as I know, Dr. Rose's is the first resort to a political libel suit as a means of vindicating academic freedom. Apart from the action's impact on free speech, its soundness and utility are highly debatable. And this would be so, even if Dr. Rose were not a candidate for office, an elected official and a public figure within the meaning of the *Times* case and its progeny, with full opportunity to reply to the charges, backed by the prestige of his reputation and community standing but also, for most of the period of the attacks, by his legislative immunity, an opportunity which he exploited with great power, skill and effectiveness.

Whether used as a shield or a sword, a libel action can acquire a symbolic importance, with civic consequences far beyond its literal reach. A favorable verdict supported by substantial compensatory and punitive damages may implicate a community judgment on a broad scale while the jury's thumbs-down may condemn not merely the courtroom gladiator but a whole body of principles and invite wholesale abuse of those who share them. The risks can be overwhelming.

For members of vulnerable and exposed minorities, libel is in any event a dubious means of redress. The trial itself is converted into an officially sanctioned instrument of smear as the plaintiff is pilloried by mountains of hearsay testimony and documents admitted into evidence not to establish the truth of the statement but to show how reasonably motivated the defendant was, a distinction few juries can grasp. The plaintiff's entire life is dredged for matters which are ventilated to prejudice the jury but which are ostensibly offered to show that damages were minimal because his reputation was already tarnished. His cross-examination is frequently a saturnalia of obfuscation, abusive baiting and endless inflammatory variations on the libel itself.

A libel lawsuit, of course, is not invariably ill advised but when brought for ideological or libertarian reasons may endanger the very principles it seeks to protect. The size of the stakes—the plaintiff must win big if he is to win at all—inevitably forces the plaintiff into a jury-pandering strategy which disowns his unpopular opinions or demonstrates that he is a more effective anti-Communist than the defendant. In restraining his adversary's freedom, he also diminishes his own.

The plaintiff may begin with a neutral assertion of the stigma (disloyalty, conspiracy, sedition) attached to the Communist charge, but he usually ends by endorsing it as well deserved. For example, Dr. Rose, in striving for a large jury verdict (an award of merely nominal damages might leave faculty freedoms under a greater cloud than before), adduced testimony from a colleague that his integrity as a scholar was justifiably compromised by the charge that he was a Communist collaborator and that his opportunities for employment would be deservedly impaired.

The testimony implicitly claimed that scholars in the social sciences among whom Dr. Rose had a formidable reputation (he subsequently became president-elect of the American Sociological Association) would be so impressed by the mere accusation that he was a Communist collaborator as to suspect his integrity; that they would not investigate the biased source of the charge and, finally, that even if they did, they would resolve the issue of truth in favor of his accuser. Such contentions are unworthy of the academic freedom in whose service they were advanced.

Dr. Rose's basic complaint against the defendants is not primarily that they lied about him but that they have removed themselves from the democratic process. And so they have: the ultras' anti-communism has increasingly moved from exposés to crank calls, harassment and anonymous letters (Dr. Rose received the full treatment) to vandalism, shootings and bombings by fevered activists. "Conspiracy" is no mere metaphor but an accurate description of the politics of the ultras. They see their enemies as a conspiracy of real people, each of whom must be individually identified, cornered and destroyed. The exposé is a form of action in the soft, an interim incitement to a deserved injury pending an ultimate accounting in the chilling eschatological politics of deferred reckoning. While the exposé is typically an attack through a publication on an identified individual and thus meets the basic requirement of

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a libel action that the publication be "of and concerning the plaintiff," the evil of the exposé is not that it is false but that true or false it threatens the public order. The conventional libel action is about as appropriate a therapy for the exposé as an income tax evasion charge is for racketeering.

This is not to urge that sanctions be devised to deal with the ultras' exposé activities, such as the recent wholesale denial by the Internal Revenue Service of tax exemption, on the strained ground that these groups are not truly "educational." Like a latter-day Loki, the ultra defies judgment because his condemned head cannot be severed from his constitutionally protected neck. But the ultras can be contained without impairing their constitutional freedoms simply by denying them the support of the security establishment which collaborates with them and supplies the "documentation" for the myth—central to their very existence—that the country is under a permanent threat of internal subversion.

Private Responsibility

AN HOUR OF LAST THINGS: And Other Stories. *By George P. Elliott. Harper & Row. 292 pp. $5.95.*

STANLEY POSS
Mr. Poss teaches English at California State College at Fresno.

Asked in 1962 whether he regarded himself as "an essentially *Christian* writer," George P. Elliott replied: "*Ethically*, a Christian writer, yes," adding however that he was not primarily inclined toward didacticism though he intended his books to be "morally instructive." Since then his line seems to have hardened somewhat. Certainly one can find in his new collection of stories, *An Hour of Last Things*, an increasing predilection for fable and "message," compared with his widely praised first collection *Among the Dangs*. Fortunately, his talent for giving a story its head puts a skin on almost all he says, so that the old bones implied by the formidably eschatological title of this new book are for the most part decently covered.

Elliott, as a leading contender for the title of most important WASP fiction writer of his time, has always inclined to statement and allegory; but his wit and passion, his intelligence and patient artistry (he worked "intermittently" on his second novel *David Knudsen* for eleven years) lift him clear of the ranks of those message writers who, as someone said of one of our cruder naturalists, produce books in which everything is taken seriously except the writing. He began shakily with *Parktilden Village*, the story of a young Berkeley sociologist and a math professor's daughter with a passion for Harley-Davidsons. He then turned to poetry with a long idiomatic verse narrative *Fever and Chills*, whose chief action (adultery and its consequences) was to become an Elliott trademark along with such other recurring preoccupations as photography, abortions, houses (very big on this: in a 1962 interview he remarks that "Our public, social existence is nothing like as important as our private existence"), science and scientism, negative utopias, family romances, Chartres, academia ("the only world I have glimpsed more appalling than downtown Oakland seen at night from behind the wheel of a taxicab has been the English Department of one of the great universities"), perfect loveless sex, fathers, plain-song chant, and Christianity. *Among the Dangs* incorporates many of these preoccupations as does *David Knudsen*, the story of the photographer son of a Cal physicist who contracts fallout in the Pacific. Plainly a cautionary tale, it showed for the first time that, exotic appearances of some of the stories to the contrary (lost tribes in the Atlas Mountains or the "Eastern foothills of the Andes"), Berkeley/Oakland was Elliott's Yoknapatawpha; and as in that odd Southern kingdom, many of the characters from the separate tales either know or know of one another.

That remarkable collection of nonfiction pieces, *A Piece of Lettuce* ("Personal Essays on Books, Beliefs, American Places, and Growing Up in a Strange Country") followed. Its themes cast a wide net in whose folds one finds Orwell, Margaret Mead, Pound, autobiography, Pop art and mass cult and *Kitsch* and folkways of Southern California (where he grew up); Raymond Chandler and W. B. Yeats ("nonsensical, doubting, indecent, superstitious"); Leavis/Kenner/Fiedler/Winters/Frye versus the unreconstructed Common Reader, and Hyacinth Robinson (Henry James's improbably named anarchist from *The Princess Cassamassima*) and *Tarzan of the Apes*, together in the context of a failing California chicken ranch.

The fable element rather disappears in the next book, a bulky novel in which Elliott returns to his chosen place, Berkeley, and his chosen theme, the acceptance of moral responsibility, in the story of the coming apart of an academic family, a professor of law, his wife, and their three daughters. *In the World* has a cast of thousands and a Victorian proliferation of subplots, and the leisurely, old-fashioned movement of the story will not satisfy fans of Nathalie Sarraute. The title poses the question: what does a good man do in the world? In answering it, this fully realized, teeming, tough-minded novel reveals a structure of fable beneath its Dickensian richness; but its thesis resists paraphrase to a much greater degree than a number of these new stories.

An Hour of Last Things contains thirteen stories and they date from as far back as 1951. The precisely focused and meticulously observed title story examines the reluctant attempts of a recently widowed 38-year-old social worker to discover herself. It is a variation on the old theme of houses. Betty Hollander moves after the death of her husband from their severe Manhattan apartment to a Victorian house on Staten Island only to learn that changing one's life isn't going to be all that easy. "Into the

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Cone of Cold," the first story, is science fiction set in contemporary Berkeley, and the last story, "In a Hole," is a pure Kafkan tale. Together they frame and comment on the other stories. They reciprocate each other thematically as well. The first, a fable of art and science, tells of a poet's willingness to enter "the cone of cold" past "absolute" zero (the science fiction machine of the physicist brothers at St. Anselm's, the poet's college, is called a "dynocryne") and of the physical and psychological changes that result; while the situation of the man in the cone-shaped hole at the end of the book reminds us that the dynocryne was buried 30 feet, though the unspecified setting is a devastated city in a vaguely nuclear future rather than a recognizable Berkeley. The poet's story suggests a Faustian pact with science. Stuart believes that the cryogenic experiment will enable him to write poems of undreamed-of originality, but finds in fact that he can write only when he breaks the pact and gets back his pre-transformed self. He gets out; the narrator of "In a Hole" doesn't: one needs a long spoon to dine with science. Of the remaining eleven stories, six utilize science fiction devices or take the form of fables, which leads me to think that such modes serve Elliott as her grotesque cartoons serve Flannery O'Connor: "to the hard of hearing you shout, and for the almost blind you draw large and startling figures."

Other stories in *An Hour of Last Things* include "Rilla," about an Oakland cabbie who wants to steer clear of women but can't and who betrays them both by betting in an idle, locker-room way that he can get Rilla, the dispatcher all the drivers lech for, in bed within three days. "Is He Dead?" is a not wholly convincing account of a decent district attorney faced with investigating the politically explosive death of a demagogic political-religious leader (Welch and the Birchers?).

"Words Words Words" tells of a sailor's discovery that the stylized proposal of marriage he planned to present to the chic Jane who dines on shrimp, lobster and white burgundy, and in whose New York flat logs flicker and chamber music is just audible, is as nothing compared to the fierce reality of a committed love which he learns from the first-grade teacher in Syracuse he thought he'd left behind along with his father's religion. The desolating "Better To Burn" picks up, in diary form, the story of David Knudsen's angrily rebellious sister, a Marxist who forsakes the WASP gentility of her home to take up with labor organizers and Socialists.

Elliott is a paleface. Though certainly not a mandarin writer, neither is he a black humorist. Nor does he present romanticized queers, junkies, or juvies and the violence and inarticulate brutality that often accompany them. His strength is his refusal to be modish, his tenacity in following his line, the hard moral core, the unapologetic message of his fictions. *An Hour of Last Things* refuses to capitalize on the success of its predecessor, and is not so distinguished a collection. But there's a stubborn integrity in this refusal, an integrity that can be seen also in Elliott's control, his complex clarity. "Jazz somehow evened up sides within her and made the dirty combatants embrace in a struggle so taut that when the music stopped they fell apart exhausted and she dared to look at them for a while or even to play with them" is, for instance, a sentence that couldn't be improved; it comes right, as Yeats said of verse, with a click like a closing box.

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Huckleberry Finn Enriched

GEORGE MAYBERRY

Mr. Mayberry, critic and teacher, is a former literary editor of The New Republic.

One of the effects of the education explosion has been a vastly increased market for classroom-oriented editions of our literary classics. The unadorned text or the text with a brief critical introduction is now challenged by editions containing various forms of that favorite word of the educationists—enrichment. Among these, Huck Finn has been particularly subject to editorial adornment.

At present there are more than twenty paperback editions of Mark Twain's classic. For the affluent individual or school system there is *The Art of Huckleberry Finn* (Chandler, $3.95) which provides as text a facsimile of the first American edition, illustrated by E. W. Kemble; biographical and literary sources; selected criticism, including Lionel Trilling's notable introduction to the Rinehart edition (1948); and "Questions and Topics for Papers." Chandler also publishes a facsimile of the first edition, with simply an introduction and bibliography by Hamlin Hill. This is my favorite among paperback editions and, at $1.10, possibly the "best buy." The Harbrace Sourcebook—with text, sources, criticism, suggestions for papers and for further reading—is priced at $2.25. The Norton Critical Edition ($1.95) offers an annotated text, background and sources, criticism and bibliography (not annotated), but no questions or suggestions for papers. For $1.85, with nothing to enrich it except generous additional selections from Mark Twain and a masterful introduction by Bernard De Voto, you can have Huckleberry Finn in the Viking Portable Library "Mark Twain." The most recent edition—and one of the best—is the Bobbs-Merrill Library of Literature *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, edited, with an introduction and notes by Leo Marx. Of special value is a Selected Bibliography with concise, meaningful evaluations of each item; the price of admission, however, is $1.50.

The least expensive (90c) *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* to supply the reader with an accurate title page and the final line of the original is the Riverside Edition, edited, with an introduction that matches De Voto's, by Henry Nash Smith. In the Rinehart Edition (95c), which also includes the famous introduction by Lionel Trilling, we come to the first of those editions that cannot pass muster with The Society for the Prevention of "The" in the title of *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*.

The Riverside and Rinehart editions are "enriched" primarily by their introductions. Mr. Smith adds a valuable "Note on the Text," the "Raft Passage" from "Life on the Mississippi," and "Some Examples of Mark Twain's Revisions." (Mr. Trilling's perceptive bibliographical note of 1948 is now, of course, out of date.) The big four of the mass paperback field (Signet, Dell, Bantam and Pocket) also mistitle the book, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, and give little evidence that they or their editors have otherwise examined the book Mark Twain wrote and largely saw through the press—which was his own publishing house. Signet and Dell (50c each) have not yet entered the area of true "enrichment." Signet is content to go with an "afterword"—a sharply written personal essay by George P. Elliott. Dell includes an excellent analysis by Wallace Stegner which is also a useful

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review of all the best criticism through 1960.

In 1963, Pocket Books, under the imprint of the Washington Square Press, launched the Reader's Enrichment Series addressed "to the serious general reader or the student in class." While the editions examined above were designed primarily for college students and teachers, the Reader's Enrichment Series was aimed at the high school level. Bantam Books entered the enrichment business with its Pathfinder Editions in 1965.

The Reader's Enrichment edition of *The* (!) *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* costs 75c. A "Reader's Supplement" of 34 pages provides barely adequate biographical and historical backgrounds, and the section "Features of the Author's Style" never comes to grips with that admittedly difficult subject. (A superficial attempt at character analysis yields: "In Jim, we have a truly lovable character.") The sections on writing skills, vocabulary development and spelling include the fascinating suggestion to study such words as "ingots," "nabob" and "reticule," "because they are popular with good writers and speakers." (These two quotations are not unrepresentative of the manner and tone of the editors.) "Ideas for Discussion and Report" barely touches on matters that have stirred serious readers of the book: the naive vernacular style, the moral ironies, the theme of river and shore, Twain's alienation from society. And the limited editorial vision is apparent in "Suggestions for Further Reading" where books "similar in mood" to *Huckleberry Finn* are listed: *Little Men, Seventeen* and *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*. The only suggested reading comparable in power or literary merit is *The Red Badge of Courage* And the Reader's Enrichment teacher's edition ($2.50), in its section on motivating the reading, suggests: "Discuss with the class the life-in-imagination of children embodied in their frequently used expression 'Let's pretend,' " —and for class activities: "Dramatize a meeting of Tom, Jim and Huck ten or twenty years after the events of the story."

The Bantam Pathfinder edition, *The* (!) *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn,* has an incomplete title page and omits the original final sentence; but it contains a good biographical sketch and an essay on the book using games, as does George P. Elliott, as "a key to understanding *Huckleberry Finn.*" At 60c, it is a better buy than the Reader's Enrichment edition. The editor, Ralph Cohen, introduces a scholarly account of the early reception of the book and three modern essays: Lauriat Lane, Jr.'s "Why *Huckleberry Finn* is a Great World Novel"; which as somebody said somewhere about something else, gives the right answers to irrelevant questions; William Van O'Connor's "Why *Huckleberry Finn* is Not the Great American Novel" which is always adult and challenging even when it is wrongheaded; and Charles Kaplan's "Holden and Huck: The Odysseys of Youth," linking Twain and Salinger according to Hemingway's dictum. Although Mr. Cohen, like the general editor of the Reader's Enrichment edition, is a professor of education as well as English, he approaches *Huckleberry Finn* as literature rather than as a resource—to use the jargon of the educationists—for some ill-defined educational experience. One wishes, however, that Cohen could persuade his publisher to provide at least a new title page and the final page of the text as Mark Twain intended, and correct the ugly typographical error which has persisted on the last page of the book through three printings.

Also Cohen—indeed any editor or publisher—might include Ralph Ellison's contribution to "The Negro Writer in America: An Exchange," *Partisan Review* (Spring, 1958). Commentators have borne witness to Nigger Jim's "humanity, dignity, even nobility" (the particular formulation is Wallace Stegner's) and Cohen too refers to the book as "a deeply moving human document about the love that grows between a boy and a man. Isn't part of the meaning of this love dependent upon the fact that the boy is white and the man is black?" Mr. Ellison concedes "Jim's dignity and human capacity—and Mark Twain's complexity," but argues that "Jim's friendship for Huck comes across as that of a boy for another boy rather than as the friendship of an adult for a junior. . . . There is a violation of our conception of adult maleness." Cohen, like most modern editors, is so pleased with his discovery of Mark Twain's—and Jim's—greatness that he overlooks the fact, which only Wallace Stegner among the editors of cheaper reprints does not, that Jim "in the last chapter is hardly more than the straight-man in a minstrel show."

The most egregious error in the Reader's Enrichment edition of *Huckleberry Finn* has persisted through four years and five printings. Its teacher's

BROTHERHOOD

"People are people and as such they are entitled to respect," Humphrey once said, explaining his concept of civil rights. "I learned that from my Daddy and Mommy." Filial sentiment rather than constitutional logic or philosophical egalitarianism—this *is one reason the Negro struggle for equality during the last two decades has done a great deal more for Hubert Humphrey than Hubert Humphrey has done for it. This is said in full realization that he has from time to time shown some ingenuity in furthering the cause. Like a good liberal, he sometimes* spoke *in behalf of the Negro. He was fiery when it improved his career, and he banked his fires when this improved it further. He was a hard-line integrationist when he needed headlines of that sort to get a national status, and he was understanding of the white South when he was intent upon building intra-party bridges to power in the Senate. He, not Dirksen, who is sometimes credited with it, oiled the passage of the civil rights program of 1964 through the Senate. But to be realistic it must be said that this took something less than genius; the time was overripe to the point of spoilage; the death of Kennedy had supplied the shock needed to loosen the dead hand of Dixie on the Senate (at least long enough for this legislation to be pushed through), and Lyndon Johnson, who wanted it on his record for the 1964 campaign, was operating at the highest point of influence that he was to be blessed with in his Presidency. Humphrey helped build the success, but he certainly was not the architect of it. And, after all, who of those Senators who had been at the very center of power for twenty years without moving the civil rights iceberg would dare take much credit for something achieved in 1964—a decade after the Brown decision, sixteen years after President Truman and the Democrats had sworn in their platform (accompanied by Humphrey's somewhat self-serving trumpet call) to do something about segregation, three years and a dozen deaths and hundreds of bombings and beatings and jailings after the civil rights movement began its dazzling attack on the Southern establishment. What is Humphrey's role in the civil rights fight, take it in all? Rather slight.*

From *The Drugstore Liberal: Hubert H. Humphrey in Politics* by Robert G. Sherrill and Harry W. Ernst (Grossman). Two sections of this book have appeared in *The Nation*: "Hubert Humphrey: Speaking in Tongues," Apr. 29 and "Hubert Humphrey: The Illusion of Change," June 17.

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manual has referred to the crucial town of Cairo, Ill., as "the goal of slaves who hoped to make their way down the Mississippi to a free state," though the book makes quite clear that the importance of Cairo was that slaves could go *up the Ohio* to the really safe free states. Any knowledge of history and geography should have told the editors that all states south of Cairo were slave states. Doesn't an alert, knowledgeable reader occasionally bring such an error to the attention of the publisher; or if he does, is he—as I have been—brushed aside with mumblings about the economics of publishing?

Possibly the original care and rapid rectification of errors are in part responsible for the relatively high cost of the excellent editions cited early in this article. But Riverside Editions is able to produce a viable text, superbly introduced, for less than $1. Teachers and others in a position to influence the purchase of books will have to apply their own "pure food and drug act" to reject the shoddy products now offered by the large-scale, low-price publishers. The economics of publishing cannot be so complex that proper editions of our classics in the public domain should not be made available—if the demand for them is great enough.

THEATRE

ROBERT PASOLLI

During the past few years several of the small theatre companies which make up the American theatrical *avant-garde* have spent an immoderate amount of time performing in Europe. The Living Theatre made two tours during the early 1960s and still has not returned from the tour it undertook in 1964, which is now known as the European exile. The La MaMa Troupe, which seems to be away from home more than half the time, has done several tours since 1965. This summer both the Bread and Puppets Theatre and the Firehouse Theatre of Minneapolis went off to European festivals, and the Open Theatre has just finished a three-month visit to five European countries. This is more than an idle trend; it clearly demonstrates that innovation and renewal in the theatre has entered an American phase. The theatre of Paris, which the absurdists jolted into the 20th century during the 1950s, has grown temperate and quiet; the theatre of London, which the angry young men stood on its head during the years on either side of 1960, is all but moribund. The pockets of theatre experiment which do exist in Europe—the work of Jerzy Grotowski in Poland, Eugenio Barba in Denmark and Peter Brook in London—are of great significance, but they remain isolated phenomena in widely separated locales. On the other hand, the imaginative and visionary new theatre which has emerged from New York's Off-off-Broadway is localized, many faceted and contagious. Although it has by no means rocked our theatre establishment yet, it has clearly agitated the waters. Europeans, whose culture makes them more receptive than we are to artistic developments of significance, have hastened to import the phenomenon, even as it has been forming.

Yet Europeans are not unusually receptive to our experimental work—to judge by the reactions of audiences which I observed while with the Open Theatre earlier this summer. I was often surprised during my travels with the company, had several preconceptions dashed, and, in the end, was led to reconsider our habitual assumption of European hospitality to the *avant-garde*.

The Open Theatre does highly experimental work. The company was founded in 1963 by Joseph Chaikin and Peter Feldman, two members of the Living Theatre who wanted to breast the problems imposed on the actor by the Theatre of the Absurd and the new "abstractionism" of certain young American playwrights. They knew that method training, which is common to American actors, did not suffice, and they began to meet regularly in an informal workshop with a group of actor and writer friends to find out what would. In the five years of its existence, the group has held onto the objective to make visible in acting and staging those untidy masses of emotional and psychic experience which the absurdists, Pinter, and the new American writers have tapped, to mine aspects of human experience which naturalism, realism and what has been called "the narrative fix" obscure and, additionally, to find dramatic correlatives for the moral concerns and perceptions of the members of the group. As this work requires an opening up to unknown possibilities, through improvisation and other forms of stabbing around in the dark, control is inimical to it, and the Open Theatre has gone off on tangents and lived through several transformations. But Chaikin's drive to break new aesthetic ground has set and reset the purpose of the group.

Last fall, after a year which was largely given over to performing Megan Terry's *Viet Rock* and Jean-Claude van Itallie's *America Hurrah*, Chaikin organized his most ambitious workshop to date. For fifteen or so hours a week throughout the fall, winter and spring, he met with twenty-five actors to explore the Book of Genesis. The group started by illustrating certain of the Biblical episodes, but soon entered a process which Chaikin has called "projecting ourselves into images and questions" raised in these episodes. That is, the group improvised on the themes in the Bible stories, loss of innocence, personal alienation and deprivation, victimization, self-repression. Toward the end of the year, Chaikin and van Itallie, the writer attached to the project, took scissors and paste to material which the group had created by improvisation, and revised it radically, sometimes in consultation with the actors, sometimes by fiat. The result, a performance piece called *The Serpent*, is a group meditation on the human condition

COMFORT

When in the haste of heartiness
I snatch up a few words,
Smile, and off they fare,
Old friend, beware of my pomposity.
I am so uneasy with another heart's care
I cannot keep a quiet watch
At any side
For fear of the latter moment
When, sideways,
With hopeless, believing eyes,
A face looks up for me
On the last strength of a throat
Needing—what?—pure love like air,
And find I am not there.

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and its sources in myth, as edited by the director and the chief writer of the group.

The piece makes many statements, conveying them in a series of discrete scenes, some Biblical, some contemporary. There is no narrative, and although the scenes relate in various ways to a concept of what the serpent is, this does not have the focus of a theme. The dramatic language is more physical than verbal. Sometimes illustrative, sometimes abstract and frequently symbolic, the physical life of the piece spills off the stage into the auditorium, where the actors attempt *rapprochement* with the spectators. Van Itallie likes to think of the work as a ceremony rather than a play: a ritualized statement of the company's beliefs and concerns, which would conceivably stand for those of the audience as well.

I saw the Open Theatre perform *The Serpent* in Munich, Vienna, Geneva and Zurich. In each city, the originality of the work quite clearly took the spectators by surprise. Not many of them could have seen anything like this riotous and fervid event in a theatre before. But the responses of the several audiences—what they did when confronted with novelty—varied considerably from place to place. The Viennese, whether by temperament or the mood of the moment, were blatantly indisposed to it. Some seemed angry and disgusted and made clattering departures in the middle of things; others disapproved by receding into stony inertness; in a word, they were annoyed. The actors could not but sense the pettiness in that response, and their work began to seem antagonistic and defiant. Obviously there are traditions to violate in Vienna—not only theatre traditions but notions of proper behavior as well—and where bourgeois attitudes are so palpable, a work like *The Serpent* will inevitably challenge them.

Geneva's response to the novelty, on the other hand, was spirited and open. That audience was the most cosmopolitan I have ever been part of anywhere: society, businessmen, intellectuals, Bohemians, even some hippies, made up what struck me as a wonderful heterogeneity. The general *élan*, beyond reminding one that this was French territory, suggested that these spectators anticipated an event of moment. The company was at its most zestful and proffering that night. The inevitable, abrupt departure during a scene which illustrates the begetting of the generations (*"Vous acceptez des choses pareilles?"*; an ancient lady spoke out as she scrambled past her neighbors, *"c'est une honte!"*), only accentuated the sense of event in this audience.

In Zurich, at the elegant, historical, prestigious Schauspielhaus, *esprit* was not in the air. Those who appreciated *The Serpent* considered it a phenomenon to be admired rather than an experience to be relished. The majority, however, were bothered by the work, especially in the first-night audience, which included the middle-aged members of the old families which run the Schauspielhaus and everything else in Zurich. They are well-bred, educated, hence respectable and amiable, but they were clearly put off. Reserve also characterized the Munich audience, even though the performance took place at the Kammerspiel, a small theatre which is often used for experiment. The youngest of the spectators, the students, were delighted by the daring of the work, but on the whole the audience was respectful and stiff. Munich was the first city the troupe encountered after performing for a month to reportedly volatile audiences in Italy; the reserve unnerved some of the actors.

Of course, the actors unnerved the audience in every city when they descended into the house to rove the aisles, climb on empty seats, approach spectators, etc. The concept that the stage and the seats are separate spaces is extremely hard to violate in any locality. A spectator will look across the auditorium at an actor cavorting in a far aisle rather than attend to the one at his elbow. How precious distance is to theatregoers! When actors leave the stage a dazed look comes over the spectators; their eyes glaze as they attempt to avoid an unprogramed encounter. This is a paradigm for the theatre experience as a whole. When a theatrical event there does not correspond to the known forms, spectators literally do not know how to react, even though they could deal competently with the same event if it emerged in real life. So (the young excepted), they tend not to react at all.

The new theatre, which attempts to open up the possibilities for a more direct encounter between players and spectators, faces this problem everywhere. But I think it faces it less in America than in Europe. Our greater pragmatism, activism, communality and greediness for experience make us more compliant before novelty and more appreciative before this kind of novelty, which in general terms is the gesture of solidarity. If the European is more inclined to subsidize, patronize and defend the *avant-garde*, he does so to a large degree as a matter of principle. On balance, the American seems more responsive, even if not responsive enough, to the experience of the *avant-garde* event itself. Now that the charitable foundations have come around to subvention of the experimental theatre—the National Endowment in a modest way, but to be renewed next year, and the Ford Foundation in a major way—it seems appropriate for our *avant-garde* to start staying home.

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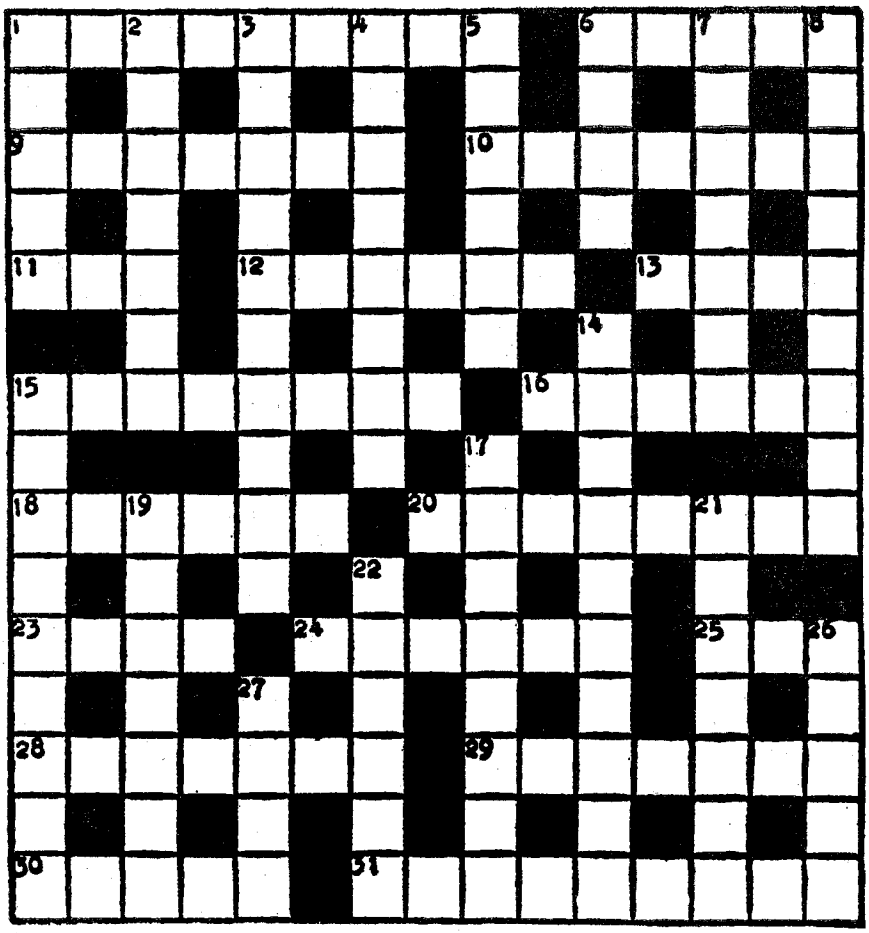

ACROSS

1 Handouts about to leave out the high spots of Italy? (9)
6 Large wine casks into which tobacco is put. (5)
9 Might be easily breakable, if large. (7)
10 Not out of date in an old writing implement. (2, 5)
11 and 22 down Vagabonds bring in stones illegally, it seems. (9)
12 Soak up, and rearrange on pegs. (6)
15 What one shouldn't move on to go over the care-taking organization? (3, 5)
16 One who doesn't eat quickly? (6)
18 Game that starts quiet, but the quiet at last is disurbed. (6)
20 Not one of the better elements of the Afro-English air service, by the sound of it. (8)
23 Sultanate where a female is likely to lose her head? (4)
24 Business proposal? (6)
28 Where one might expect to drop a coin on the floor of the car? (7)
29 How one might cheer the cabinet, perhaps. (7)
30 Far back in time, in general associated with the South. (5)
31 Are shaped differently to lead the attack!

DOWN

1, 25 across and 7 down Financial plan to hold off Communist retribution, perhaps. (8,7)
2 Got an education from the most scholarly, obviously. (7)
3 The novel way trains meet in a wreck? (4,6)
5 Weapons perhaps associated with an outrageous fortune. (6)
6 After-position? (4)
7 See 1 down
8 and 4 down The one who talks for the family? (That's why they call him "Mister"!) (7,2,3,5)
14 One who gets 50 per cent of the action in the pool? (4-6)
15 Concerning the test of will, when unprincipled? (9)
17 The point of a pin, not exactly clean. 19 and 13 across Thirteen cards in something fairly close to bridge? (11)
21 It might provide breathing space for animal life. (3,4)
26 "Or draw his frailties from their ——— abode." (Gray's Elegy) (5)
27 Aspired to by set performers? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1259

ACROSS: 1 Song sparrows; 10 Orinoco; 11 Outface; 12 and 15 down Not by a long shot; 13 Potboiler; 14 Husbandman; 16 Very; 18 Lace; 20 Appointive; 23 Defending; 25 Erato; 26 Eremite; 27 Hittite; 28 Short stories. DOWN: 2 Opiates; 3, Goodyear; 4, Propped up; 5 Roost; 6 Option; 7 and 8 Shall we join the ladies; 9 Dearly beloved; 17 Anteater; 19 Coffers; 21 Imagine; 22 Indigo; 24 Inert.

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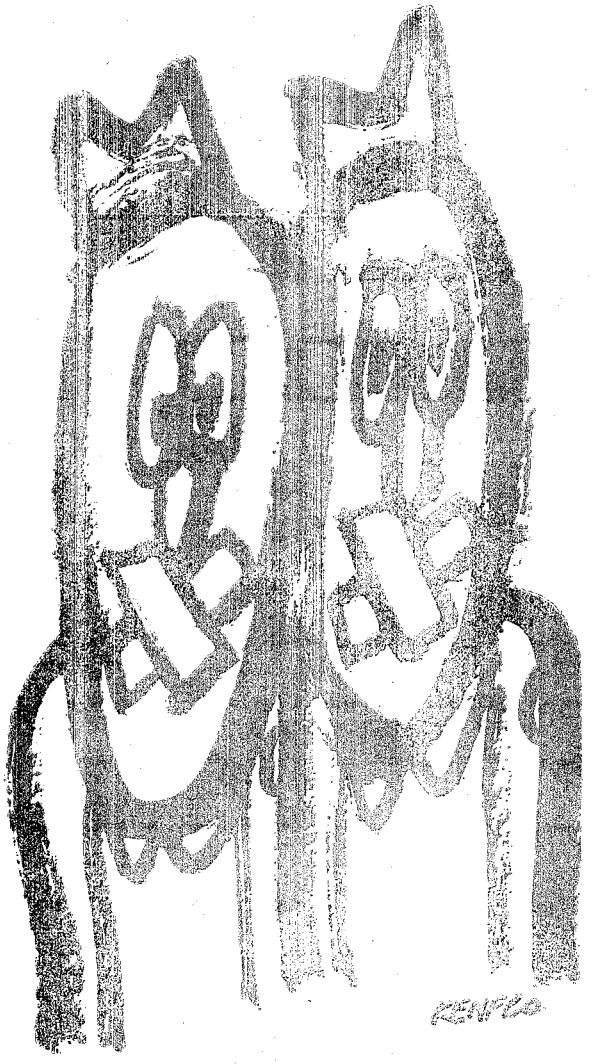

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